The Sign
NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

NOVEMBER 1952
VOL. 32 No. 4

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Editor's page

The Charlie Chaplin Affair

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a man of little importance. He was a clever clown. When he gave up that role, he ceased to have any special significance. He wouldn't rate comment here except that the recent fuss over his possible exclusion from the country is a good example of soft-headed thinking in certain quarters.

It seems that we have some quaint laws on the books that require an immigrant to satisfy American authorities that he is endowed with good health, is of sound mind and good morals, and is not a subversive. Although he has lived in this country for over forty years, Chaplin will be an immigrant when he returns from his pleasure trip abroad, because he has never taken on the responsibilities of citizenship.

Knowing something about these old-fashioned laws, Attorney General McGranery has ordered the authorities of the Immigration and Naturalization Service to study the question whether Chaplin should be readmitted to the country.

This step has provoked quite a shedding of tears in some of our "liberal" journals and elsewhere. The staid and conservative *New York Times* devoted several paragraphs of its soporific editorial page to weeping over the hard fate of this little actor. The *New York Herald Tribune* editorialized: "One's first instinct might be to ask whether the Department of Justice might not be having its own little joke at the expense of the greatest jokester of them all."

Chaplin can get by Uncle Sam's investigators as regards health. He won't have difficulty proving he has a sound mind, although his productions have been flops since he deserted comics in favor of "thought" pieces. When we come to the "good-morals" requirement, we had better draw a curtain over details. We shall simply state that Chaplin has few rivals in the race for top honors in giving Hollywood the reputation for being a moral cesspool.

If and when Mr. McGranery investigates Chaplin's connections with subversive activities and associations, he will very quickly hit pay dirt. In 1942, Charlie was the honorary chairman of the "Artists' Front to Win the War," officially cited as a Communist front. He addressed a meeting of this outfit as "Comrades," called for a second front (the Communist line at that time), praised Communist Harry Bridges, and lauded Roosevelt as "the man who released Earl Browder."

Speaking before the Senate Special Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization on May 13, 1949, Senator Cain of Washington declared: "For many years Chaplin has given consistent support to the Communist cause and to the Soviet Union. His public utterances provide a series of eulogies for the Stalinist dictatorship, but, Mr. Chairman, in the whole record I have not been able to find a single kind word for the United States."

Chaplin signed a cable to Pablo Picasso on behalf of Hanns Eisler, saying: "Can you head a committee of French artists to protest to the American Embassy in Paris the outrageous deportation proceedings against Eisler here, and simultaneously send me a copy of protest for use here. Greetings." Commenting on this cable, Senator Cain declared: "Here is an alien, living in luxury for thirty years in this country, who advises a foreign Communist to start a demonstration against the Embassy of the U.S. in a foreign country, on behalf of none other than a notorious Communist."

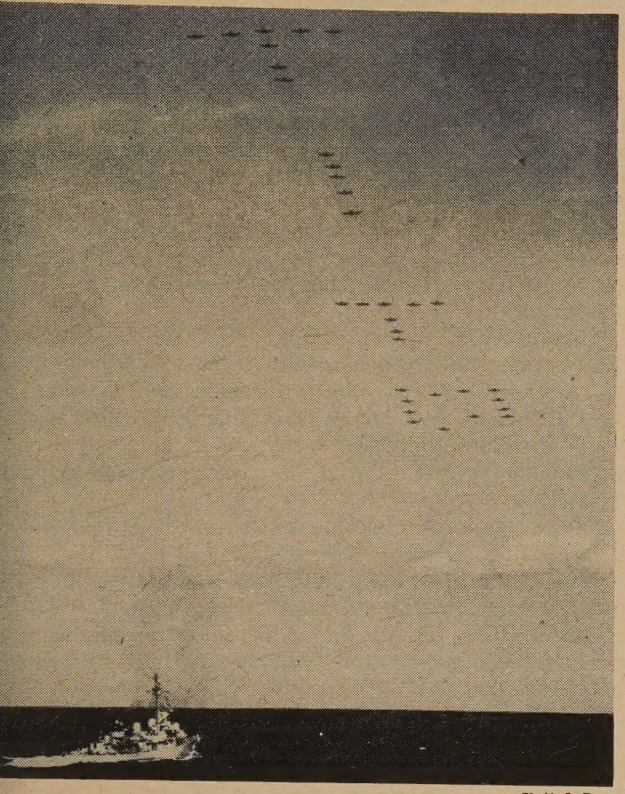
Perhaps the choicest morsel is Chaplin's declaration: "They say Communism may spread all over the world—and I say, so what?" To which we would like to add: if the Government bars Charlie from re-entering the U.S., we say, so what?

IN various parts of Europe there are still thousands of refugees looking for a new homeland. For such, we should have both sympathy and a welcome. They would be overwhelmed with joy at the opportunity to come here and to become devoted American citizens. We just can't break down and weep over the possible exclusion of an immigrant who could well afford a villa on the Riviera, a country house outside London, and an estate near Stalin's winter home on the Black Sea. And Charlie could easily pay for all this real estate in good American dollars.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



United Press

erican planes salute the brutal dictator of Yugoslavia. concerned about Tito's hostility toward democracy and bitter religious persecution, we still curry his favor.

United Press

neral MacArthur is shown at his desk as an executive of rivate concern. Our next president should avail himself the services of this experienced soldier-statesman.

THE military strategist, like the bookmaker, utilizes a device known as a hedge. He doesn't bet everything on one plan. He prepares alternatives to meet important changes in a strategic situation. We are sure that our military strategists, being smart men, have provided their program for European defense with a system of hedges. But it seems equally certain that their discretion has been hampered by international politics, that there are hedges they would like to erect but are not allowed to.

Accident Insurance for NATO

As the defense of Europe is planned at present, England and France are vital factors in its operation. In their territories have been spent most of the funds for economic stabilization and military installations. In that sense, our eggs are all in one basket, an Anglo-French basket which reaches from the northwestern tip of Europe, through its center, and across the Mediterranean to the countries of North Africa.

This whole investment could be smashed in one day if Britain and France decided to chase us out of their backyard. In that case, the NATO alliance would have about as much defense value as a painting of the drummer boy. Armament which we have shipped to Europe would be wasted. And the economic cushion which we have provided for Europe's industrial convalescence would only help world Communists to sleep more comfortably at night.

Britain and France could do that to us if they wanted to. Unfortunately, there is serious danger that they may eventually want to. If the Labor Party is returned to power, if Aneurin Bevan takes over the top spot in it, and if he follows through with his own declared principles, we will lose Britain both as an ally and as a defense base for Europe.

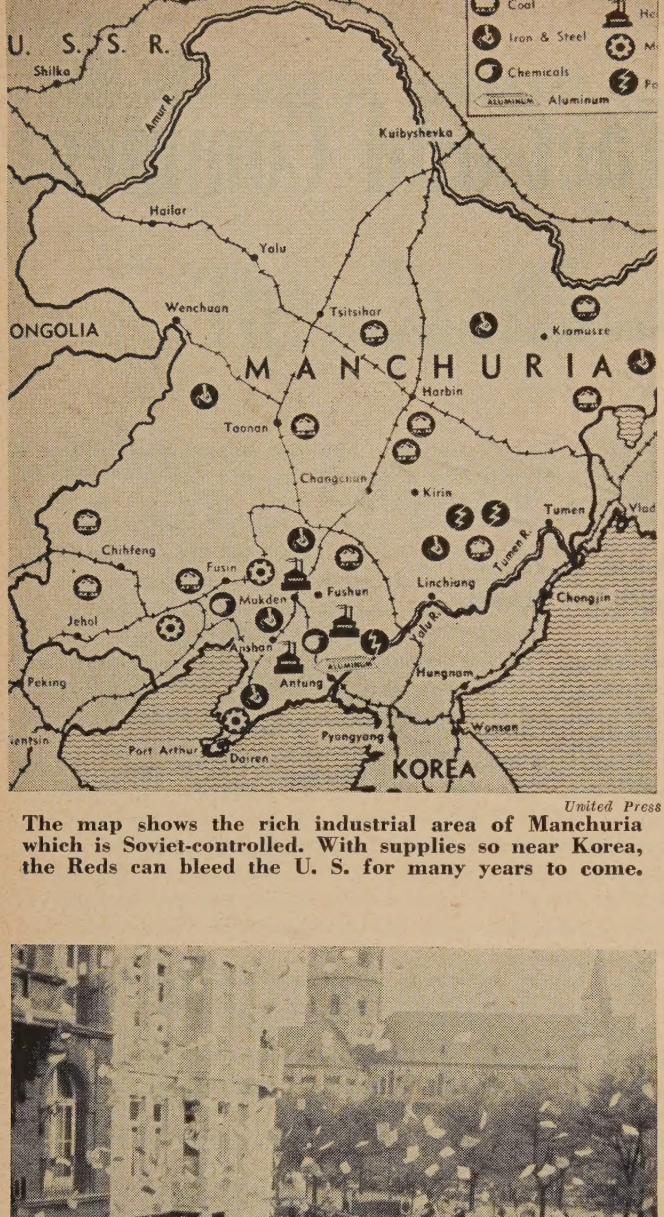
As for France, many reputable observers believe she would never do more than talk a war. Others are convinced she wouldn't even do that. She would talk—as she is talking right now—a sick kind of neutralism. A neutralism which knows that neutrality will never work, but which hasn't the spirit to admit the unpleasant truth.

The best hedge we could have, in the circumstances, would be a militarily strong Spain and a militarily strong Western Germany.

But that is precisely the hedge which international politics will not permit us to erect. Such a project would divert funds from Britain and France. It would strengthen nations whose prosperity would disturb the complacent lassitude of rivals.

So that, while we are building a fortress for our friends, they insist that we build it badly and neglect to take out insurance on it.

Spain would be particularly valuable to us just now. She is absolutely trustworthy as an ally against Communism. A nation with so sharp a repugnance toward Communism that



United Press

The map shows the rich industrial area of Manchuria which is Soviet-controlled. With supplies so near Korea, the Reds can bleed the U. S. for many years to come.

United Press

Encouraging to the free world is West Germany's attitude toward recent Communist proposals for uniting their nation. The Reds were showered with leaflets and tomatoes.

she would tolerate no silly Bevanite or Gallic flirtation wit it.

Spain has manpower. She has an excellent army of toug soldiers. She needs no psychological conditioning to mak her a willing defense unit. But she badly needs industri and military equipment.

She would make an ideal hedge. She *would*. But that as far as we are allowed to go.

The Ostrich, the Eagle, and the Cross

WE Americans have turned into great internationalis with—among other interests—U.N. connections, foreig aid programs, and the Atlantic Pact. We are a little prou of it, perhaps excusably so. W stayed in Berlin when the Re tried to freeze us out, in 194 In June, 1950, we spoiled th act for the Kremlin, when, b remote control, it tried to swallow the Republic of Kore We made a really Christian peace with Japan, a neat bit o statesmanship. In Germany, we have displayed a diplomat talent which has elevated professional eyebrows all ov the world.

But, not all of us are internationalists. Some of our in patient friends want us to forget, for instance, about Euro and stay home, where they figure we can make bett investments.

They overlook two vital facts. First, the tactic would b bad economy—if economy is what concerns them. It cos less to defend Europe with the help of European allie than it would cost to defend America with Europe i Soviet hands. Secondly, it would be immoral—a dirty tric to play on people who are not yet prepared to defen themselves.

These isolationists become so provoked at deficiencies i certain U.N. agencies that they favor boycotting them instead of taking a tip from Russia and staying in to lea and use them. In some cases, these stern patriots hav advised pulling out of the U.N. entirely, suggesting tha membership subtracts from our dignity as a great and in dependent nation.

Sentiments like these are neither worthy nor realisti As representative of a national tradition, in the actual worl of today, such sentiments would have to be symbolized b the ostrich instead of the American Eagle.

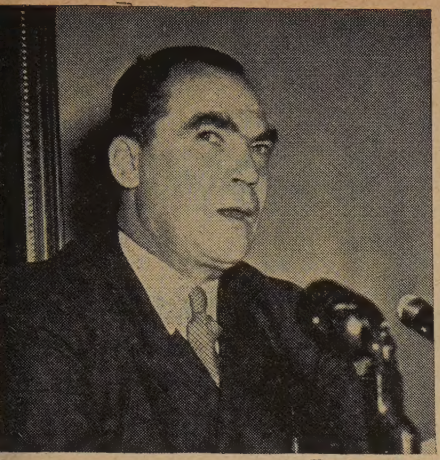
Catholics, particularly, are ill-equipped for isolation. Th very essence of their faith lies in its world scope—which the precise meaning of *catholic*. The Church of Christ, th New Testament are for all nations. While a Catholic coul understandably be driven to isolation by a momentar necessity, his real instinct moves in the opposite direction.

His Holiness recently remarked that no group has as muc as Catholics of what it takes to promote international unde standing. They are united throughout the whole world i one faith which teaches that all men are made in th image of God and are called to be children of God. Ever man should be respected because of that.

"By this very fact," the Pope said, "a great responsibilit weighs upon Catholics. They must, above all, feel them selves called to overcome . . . all national narrowness an to seek a true brotherly meeting between nation and nation.

More recently, commenting on current efforts for th political and economic federation of European countries, h remarked that the Church supports these efforts "with a the might of her sacrifices and prayers."

He warned that without the proper atmosphere—of justic mutual esteem, trust, and a sense of unity—these effor would fail. "The obligation of fostering such an atmosphe as soon as possible must be obvious to all as the duty



Harris & Ewing

oviet enigma: Georgi Zarubin, ew Red Ambassador to U. S., says hat his country is friendly . . .

United Press

. . . meantime, Malik insults U. S. by calling independent Japan a military tool of Washington . . .

United Press

. . . and General Smith, Dir. of Central Intelligence, claims that Red spies are in security jobs.

e hour," he said. And he challenged Catholics particu-ly to help develop that atmosphere "by bringing into ay the forces of Catholic unity."

Which seems to be the Holy Father's way of telling nerican Catholics that if there is little resemblance be-een the ostrich and the eagle, there is less between the rich and the Cross.

VE are still worried about industrial peace. True, John L. Lewis came in like a lamb this year and mboled away with a fat new contract. We are not going to freeze this winter. But is this only a truce until next year's wars roll around? Is there any way of avoiding the economic strikes which have plagued us ce 1940? We think that there is an answer. We think at labor relations have matured enough to make such ikes old-fashioned.

This rike Necessary?

The cure for labor peace, on economic issues, is the neral Motors formula. Since 1948 there has been peace the GM front. First a two-year contract was signed and n the record-breaking five-year contract. Considering the tory of labor-management relations in this industry, we ve here a king-sized miracle. Even had Stalin sent an bassador to the Vatican in May, 1950, we doubt that this uld have crowded the GM story off the front page.

This five-year plan, American style, is simplicity itself. meets two great economic needs of labor. Workers like keep up with the cost of living. And they want to sh ahead each year. The GM contract meets the first ed by the famous escalator clause. Wages are adjusted ery three months in accord with the changes in living sts. The second need is handled by the annual improve-nt clause. Wages go up two and one-half per cent each r. This is labor's share in American progress.

Since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, GM d the UAW should feel highly flattered. Their formula s been widely adopted in American industry. It is un-tunate that we had to say widely, rather than universally. me employers would have none of it. Some labor unions iculed it. Yet from every point of view it makes more se than the patterns in other industries.

Labor is certainly better off under the GM formula. Had GM formula been in effect in 1940 for all American lustry, wages today would be almost exactly the same they are. Workers would get the same pay envelope. tually they would be ahead of the game, since there would ve been no strike losses in the interval.

Industry would likewise benefit. It would not have had the loss and uncertainty of periodic economic strikes. There would not be the bitterness which now poisons labor-management relations. Unions and employers could concentrate on grievances and on building a spirit of co-operation. The class-struggle spirit, which still lingers in industrial relations, could be consigned to a Marxian limbo.

The public would gain from agreements of this nature. It is often the loser in the paralyzing strikes of our day. Perhaps the best index of public sentiment is the Taft-Hartley law. This would never have passed had not an aroused public opinion demanded some action. Dramatic strikes for an issue which could be settled peacefully hurt the labor movement. They cost more in public relations than they gain in wage increases. Unions are finding this out when they try to organize the unorganized.

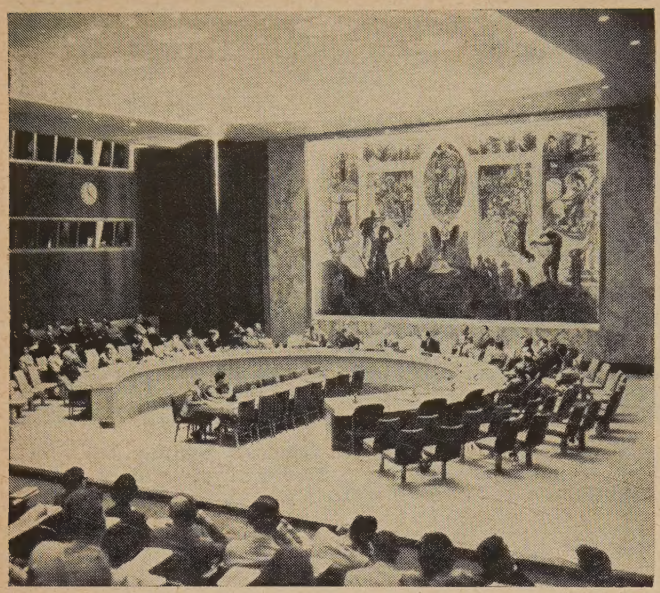
If this is the full story, then what is holding us back? The answer lies in industrial timidity and union politics. Many firms say that the improvement increase is all right for the auto industry. It is big and growing. But they could not stand it. We think this a shortsighted argument for two reasons. First, they are selling short the progress in American industry. Secondly, they will have to pay the same amount anyway. Organized labor is going to get better wages. Other industries must follow suit. Why not do it the peaceful way?

From the union side there are objections, but we suspect that the real reason lies in personalities and politics. It is said that labor will not take a pay cut when the price index declines. But they have taken it in the auto industry. Could it be that the dynamic and ambitious Walter Reuther got too good a bargain in the GM formula? Is there a fear that acceptance of this plan might mean too much prestige for the stormy redhead? We wonder.

IF we hear a ringing in our ears, it could be from what the free peoples of Western Europe are saying about us. Many of their comments are both uncomplimentary and untrue. We are supposed to be money-mad. Over-sexed. Hysterical in our fear of Communism. Like Russia, we are said to be interested in Europe as a prospective colony and captive. And of the two—Russia and ourselves—we are voted the more revolting.

Eastern Europe's Forgotten Ones

Happily, the people who count just now, in Western Europe, don't feel that way about us. So that a more important consideration is what the *captive* people of *Eastern* Europe think.



United Press

A huge mural is placed in the U. N. Building. Its theme: Mankind emerging to a bright and peaceful world. As usual, there is no mention of God in their future plans.

United Press

Citizens of Cicero, Ill. are to be commended for cleaning up their city. They are even changing the city's name to erase memories of past gangsters and shameful race riots.

Religious News

Too much praise or publicity can't be given to the grand old lady, Mrs. Catherine McPharlin, 97, who has devoted fifty-two years to the care of incurable cancer patients.

They live in a maddening state of tension. Taxed far beyond the point where they can manage decently. Having no real voice in government. Either kept from church or saddled with debased, party-line religious leaders. Deprived even of the cheap luxury of blowing off steam by damning the politicians. They are a grim, pitiable group by comparison with any living standards which they experienced before.

Their opinion of us is, of course, to some extent affected by the propaganda which is fed to them. Not that they trust the propagandists. But when the spotlight is always turned on the seamy side of our many-sided life, the unflattering picture must leave a bad impression.

It is our misfortune, however, that they could be 100 per cent immune to the propaganda and still want no part of us. Back in the days when we were the strongest military nation in the world and could have dictated democratic guarantees everywhere, a sissified, pink diplomacy handed these nations over to our Soviet ex-ally. We could have prevented that disaster. But we didn't seriously try.

For this remissness, the innocent victims might charitably forgive us, arguing that, at the time, we didn't know what we were doing, but that now we have had a change of heart and feel differently.

But they can't do that. Not if the iron curtain leaks even a few drops of the public information which washes around in a flood outside it. They know better.

He's a Jolly Good Fellow

THEY certainly know about Tito. Tito is one of the Communist bosses to whom, on December 22, 1945, we gave our blessing and leased the lives and liberties of fifteen million Yugoslavs. We are still doing business with him, and looking away while he carries on his domestic affairs in the approved totalitarian manner. Instead of frightening the Red spunk out of him by telling him to ease up on his people or try to do business with Stalin, we chortle and joke with him to his face and criticize him timidly behind his back.

Probably the Pan-Slav grapevine has also circulated our official doctrine of peaceful coexistence with Communism. A policy which has a sedative sound to us. But a policy which to these enslaved people means, "To heck with Eastern Europe."

Probably, this same Pan-Slav grapevine has passed on the tip that the peaceful coexistence gag was dusted off and exhibited at whistle stops in the 1952 presidential campaign. Which promises that we are not going to try to liberate Eastern Europe. We are not going to encourage sabotage and resistance. We are not going to even whisper about atrocity trials for the organizers of mass slave labor and genocide, despite the fact that the Red truce negotiators at Panmunjom have shrieked of atrocity trials for our military leaders in Korea.

These weary, waiting captives would have to be much dumber than they are to have any other idea of our interest in them than that we have written them off. They can be excused for suspecting that we lie awake figuring not how to help them, but how to stay in the minimum good graces of their masters.

The new Administration will find on the executive desk a bushel of memos concerning the vocal and—in certain instances—clamorous citizens of Western Europe. We hope that somehow—perhaps by telepathy—there will come a commanding appeal from the East. And we hope it will evoke a real message of hope.

A message that will be an honest bid to cure Eastern Europe's ills. Not another stunt to insure American votes.

I Found Sanctuary

Bella V. Dodd, disillusioned Communist leader and member of the Politburo, found happiness and peace in her return to the Catholic Church

by ***BELLA V. DODD***

Bella V. Dodd, Communist leader, severed party ties and returned to the Church

WITH my heart pounding as one pursued, I hastened up the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Monday, April 7, of this year. Inside the open doors were a few friends who "for the love of God and in the way of charity" had cleared the path that I might grasp the ring symbolic of the "right of sanctuary." These friends knew that I had escaped a power more terrifying than the civil authority of the Middle Ages.

Believing in the mercy of God with my whole being, I walked freely to the baptismal font. There were two of us to be received into the Faith that afternoon, and both of us were to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. I was reasonably certain that I had been baptized in the country of my birth but, since documentary proof was not available, Bishop Sheen was to give me conditional baptism. My sponsors were there, and a few other friends.

Bishop Sheen was clothed in the magnificent robes of the Church and, as he performed the beautiful ceremony of baptism, he explained the meaning of each act to the assembled group. We renounced our past errors and made our profession of faith, and the Bishop, who had instructed us patiently, lovingly, and with understanding, heard our confessions and granted us absolution. At Mass the following morning, I received Holy Communion for the first time in twenty-five years.

A new life had begun for me. I had come to this life over a long, long road. Of my own free will, I had joined the Communists. Though I had taken one step at a time, each step followed naturally upon the previous one. I had not at first known that these steps would lead me to Communism. When I found the direction in which I was going, I said to myself, "Let it be; I am not frightened by labels. If they are for the people, I am for them." Blasphemously, I would add, "I'll join with the devil himself if he is going in my direction." There is no doubt that I traveled with him at my side and that he extorted a great price for his company.

The Communists plunged me into activity, and at first I was happy to be busy because I escaped the nothingness of my own life. But the activity grew in alarming proportions. There was activity to save this situation or that, for world peace, against discrimination, for better schools, for better working conditions, for youth, for the Negro people, for the foreign-born, now against the war, now for the war against Fascism, and so on, with tactics endlessly changing until there was no principle except that of obedience to the service of a mythical "class."

This merry-go-round of activity left me with a body aching with exhaustion and a mind that was dulled because it had lost the Spirit by denying it. In an act of self-destruction I subjected my will to ambitious men high in the

Party apparatus—men who were climbing the ladder to the political power of world Communism. I was to learn that all this led directly from my own country into the walls of the Kremlin and spiritually into Red Square, where a mummified Lenin lies as a cruel mockery to the people of Russia—a would-be saint.

I was one of those young people caught in a fast tempo of materialism following World War I. It is amazing for me now to retrace my steps and recall how it happened—how I got off on the wrong foot.

I was born in a little village in the mountains of Southern Italy. As a child I remember that in my grandfather's home, after the evening meal, the whole family and the farmhands knelt together and said the Rosary.

My mother was raised in the Faith, but when she brought her family to the New World we settled in communities in which she was ill at ease. Language was a barrier, and we frequently felt the common hostility of an established community toward new immigrants. Catholics in the community allowed the newcomers to shift for themselves.

I was the youngest in a family of ten, and my mother and father had to struggle to take care of the family. Little by little, my mother ceased going to church, but her conduct was that of a Christian woman and she sent her children to church. I remember that, although our home had no modern furniture, we had a crucifix and pictures of St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother in our bedrooms.

REACTING to taunts of children in the community who were coming into contact with a foreign-born child for the first time, I plunged into school work with an unconscious determination to achieve superiority in the classroom. I went to secular schools and amassed a body of knowledge. I do not believe that the education I received in the elementary school had any philosophical basis. They taught eight years of facts. It was in high school that I first became conscious of educational principles underlying the curriculum. There was a great deal of emphasis on the development of a sound mind in a sound body. There was great stress on the development of the "open mind."

I became a passionate advocate of the "open mind." Indeed, I would constantly state that the mind "must be open and to let"—like an empty apartment. During this period, I prided myself on tolerance, without recognizing that there is an area for tolerance and an area for belief and truth, and that tolerance cannot be allowed to become a shield for indifference to basic truths.

As I rose higher in the educational system, both as a student and as a teacher, I learned that to mention God was to invite sneers or polite rejection and embarrassment. From 1920 on we just didn't talk about God. In the schools and in all other public institutions, there were Christians who were prejudiced against Jews and there were Jews who feared and disliked Christians. I was distressed by this atmosphere. But I remember that I preached tolerance without attempting to find a truth which would unite them; rather I tried to find a *modus vivendi.*

The City of New York spent thousands of dollars on my education. I was an honor student in both high school and college. I was elected the most popular girl in my senior class at high school and president of the student council in my senior year at college. But at the age of eighteen I sat at my desk one Sunday afternoon and wrote on a blank sheet of paper, "What I believe." Though I struggled honestly to find the answer, the sheet remained blank.

As I look back, I know that the deepest impressions made upon me by men and women in my school days were made by those who in their limited way tried to remind us of the real purpose of our lives. There was the dearly loved public school principal who insisted on opening every day by reading the Bible, regardless of the indignation of some of the teachers and the indifference of many of the pupils. In my fourth year at high school, I had a teacher who insisted on taking ten minutes of our time each day to remind us of the existence of God. He was stopped by a complaint to the principal. I shall always revere the memory of the gym teacher who reminded me that I had been born a Catholic. She introduced me to the Cenacle, the convent on Riverside Drive at 140 Street. A love for the service of Benediction and the *Tantum Ergo Sacramentum* was to haunt me for a long time, even while I was wandering far from home.

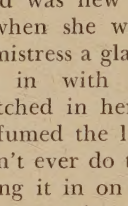
IN my second year at college, Hannah Egan, one of my teachers, a Catholic, chided me for having left the Newman Club. She met me in the hall one day and said, "Bella, ever since you became popular you are going straight to Hell." I was stung for the moment. She did not go on and unfortunately she never returned to the subject. Although I was disturbed by her goading I did nothing about it for the poison was already working within me. I finally dismissed the matter by saying that it was quaint for a modern person to talk about Hell and that she was a frustrated old maid who was afraid to meet the world.

Step by step, I retreated from God and went forth to meet the world, the flesh, and the devil. First, there was a lack of belief in the Sacraments and in the dogmas of the Church. I lost the Blessed Mother in the vulgarity of sophisticated jokes and the divinity of Christ in my worship of the superficialities of science. Then I believed in God merely as a force—as nature—but not as a personal God who cared about me and whom I might offend by my conduct. It was one short step to the prevailing fashion of agnosticism.

Finally, like many other young people with a will to goodness and a distant memory of God, I adopted "service to the brotherhood of man" as the goal of my life. I did not know that the brotherhood of man without the Fatherhood of God was an empty phrase. How can we be brothers if there is no father and if we are not joined together in His family and dedicated to His service?

The "brotherhood of man" was a particularly satisfying slogan during the thirties. Here was something that young idealists could believe in. Wholeheartedly, I did everything I could to consecrate myself to this principle. I did not know where the will or desire for consecration came from, and I did not attempt to psychoanalyze it.

There is nothing which sharpens the



Following Orders

▶ The maid was new and nervous, and when she was told to bring her mistress a glass of milk, she came in with the glass tightly clutched in her hands.

"Jane," fumed the lady of the house, "don't ever do that again. Always bring it in on a tray."

The next evening, Jane appeared at the door with an anxious look on her face and a tray full of milk in her hands.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," she said, "but shall I bring you a spoon or will you just lap it up?"

—*Ruth Stocks*

appetite for battle and which generates its own dark hatreds and fears more than a sharp division of the world into categories. In Communist philosophy, all modern ills are posed as the result of the struggle between workers and employers. The hatred unleashed by this belief is truly atomic in its intensity. Men and women who joined the Communist movement were willing to suffer, go to jail, or die, to be on the right side of this struggle.

It seems peculiar that a philosophy which believes in nothing except that which one can see or feel, and which has enthroned itself as a Messianic ideal dedicated solely to the purely animal well-being of man, should have captivated so many young people.

At a Senate investigation, Bella V. Dodd, then a party member, rallied to the support of Owen Lattimore, declaring him not even a friend of the party

Yet, as I think back, it is not so strange. In our country we have always been proud of the extensive reach of our free public school system, but we now recognize that our children have been deprived of their right to beliefs based upon the accumulated wisdom of the race and which has been gathered over thousands of years. As children we were told that we must make up our own minds about every subject.

The result was not independence of thought, but an almost total lack of belief in anything. Into this picture the Communists fitted naturally. They came to us with their clearly worked out philosophy and offered us certitude based on that which we could see, hear, touch, taste, and smell.

The books we read during this period, both in the schools and outside the schools, left us with no belief in God, in patriotism, or in goodness. Love of God was for Babbitts; love of country was "spread-eagle jingoism" and "dollar diplomacy," and goodness was just plain dull.

We were the sex-saturated generation who did not have the power to love and who understood love only in its twisted manifestations. I lived through twenty staccato years in this kind of atmosphere. My personal life was meaningless and chaotic, and my spiritual life was void. So blind was I that the murder of 5,000,000 farmers (called kulaks) in Soviet Russia in the name of a classless society and a planned economy aroused only a small twinge of conscience. And the word "liquidation" meant not the murder of those who did not agree with the leaders of world Communism but the purification of the Party.

Little by little the sparks of conscience caught fire. I began to realize and to feel uneasy at the contradictions between what the Communists preached and what they did. I had been disturbed by the great show of patriotism which characterized the Communist Party during the war while the United States and the Soviet Union were allies. I was more disturbed when in 1945 the Duclos Letter told the American Communists to get back to their job of revolution.

I no longer saw Communism as an unadulterated doctrine of social betterment. I began to see it as a dominant, aggressive force which contained many evil features of the existing materialist society and added new ones. Individual life and liberty were expendable in the interest of the class.

I began to question the answers Communists were giving to the problems besetting the world. Repeatedly I asked myself, "what is man's goal?" I questioned whether it was merely his physical development and whether his goal would be reached when man is well fed, well clothed, and well housed. Who of us has not seen the neurotic misery of people who have all the material security which they need? Who of us is not aware of the fact that the excellent physical specimens called Nazis were a cruel and dehumanized people? I found myself repeating to myself, "man does not live by bread alone."

My controversy within the Communist Party during this period was about specific issues as applied to the American scene and not on a broad philosophical base. As the conflict within the Party sharpened, I became more and more certain I had sold my heritage for a mess of pottage.

During the period of my estrangement from God, I frequently read the New Testament and I sometimes prayed apologetically. As I awoke each morning I would say to myself, "How did I reach this dead end?"

I REMEMBER sitting at Party meetings for hours, watching men play a cunning game for power. I suffered each time we broke faith with the people, each time we said one thing and did another. I squirmed at the cynicism which was apparent everywhere, and I was revolted by the lies and half-truths which increasingly formed the basis of our propaganda.

Inch by inch I withdrew from the Communists. God extended His hand repeatedly to me, but so blind was I that I ignored Him and went on in the pattern of my own desperation, caring not whether I lived or died, afraid to face each coming day, with no will to strike back at those who struck or degraded me. My mind was unable to give me the answers. I was left adrift like a ship without a rudder.

Feebly I tried to canvass important people who had given support to the Communists even though they never joined. I wanted answers desperately, but they had no answers. I lost confidence in my own mind and came to regard it as too weak and inept to shed light or give any consolation.

As an adolescent I had been afraid of not living fully, and I had often

prayed to God not to let me be pushed into the eddies of a stream, there to rot in the vegetation. My prayer had repeatedly asked to be allowed to struggle in the middle of the stream.

Now I sought some hole to crawl into. I stumbled each day, unable to cope with the mounting problems, losing my joy in people. I had no capacity to care or to love. I, who as a young woman had walked through the streets of New York looking into each face for its beauty, and who could hardly restrain my fingers from touching the heads of little children, now found no joy in mingling with my fellow men. There was only fear and a rising burden of meaninglessness.

In 1948, a Catholic friend, who was a Municipal Court Judge, took me to luncheon. He talked about my mother, whom he had known, and he said that he was sure that she must be grieved at my unhappiness. The allusion to my mother, and his kindness and lack of self-consciousness in talking about God, started a chain of thoughts and emotions that I was unaccustomed to. But I was so hypnotized that, although I looked upon my past with loathing, I could not pull myself away.

It was inevitable that the Communists should expel me with violence and cruelty. The resolution of expulsion was a masterpiece of "liquidation." As I read it today, I can almost hear the whiz of the bullet which they might have used if they had power.

The resolution of expulsion sealed the end of my slavery to Communist thought. The tie was broken that night in June, 1949, but at first I did not realize this. During the next three years, I was conscious of the ebb and flow of my feeling and thinking. Like a person imprisoned for a long time, I did not believe that I was free, nor could I utilize my new freedom.

In the fall of that year (1949), I was in Washington and met my old friend who had been a judge and was now a Congressman. We talked about world politics and inevitably about Communism. I told him of my state of mind. He asked whether I would like to talk with a priest—possibly with Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. With a fervor which surprised me, I answered in the affirmative. An appointment was made and I went to Chevy Chase that evening to see Monsignor Sheen. I was ushered into a little room and waited five or ten minutes for him. It seemed an eternity. I wanted to see him, and yet I was afraid. Had I not been ashamed, I would have run away. But when he walked in I forgot my fears. The silver cross on his chest, his simple, direct greeting, his warm, firm handclasp moved me deeply.

I could not speak. I began to cry and then to sob, and all I could say was, "they say that I am against the Negro." (That was part of the resolution of expulsion. The Party frequently uses this technique to destroy people—but certainly not in the interest of the Negro people.)

I had been worried about whether Monsignor Sheen would ask me to do something I would not want to do. But he asked nothing of me. He only let me cry, and then without realizing it I found that we were both on our knees before the Blessed Mother in th little chapel. He gave me a rosa which I have since carried in m pocket. He told me to come and s him in New York that winter. I fle back to New York.

By winter I had again retreated int a period of darkness. I didn't go to s Monsignor Sheen.

I remember Christmas Eve of 1949. was in New York alone. My past li had made any real relationships wit members of my family very difficult. was invited to spend the evening at th home of Jim and Clotilda McClur who lived in a furnished room on 1 Street and Madison Avenue. Jim an Clo had lived in our house on Lexing ton Avenue. Like many Negro peopl they were deeply spiritual, and I foun peace in their company. Jim said gra before our simple meal, and we talke about Christmas and its meaning an forgot the ugly events of the past fe years.

When I left their company, I got o a Madison Avenue bus. Without know ing what I was doing, I went dow to Thirty-fourth Street, though I live in the opposite direction. At a quarte before midnight, I found myself in th Church of St. Francis of Assisi on Thirty first Street—beads of perspiration on m forehead.

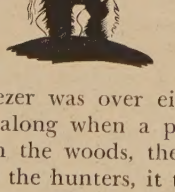
The church was crowded. Peopl stood so close to each other in the sid aisles that they could hardly move. Thei faces were etched in the soft light, face tired and warm. They knelt in rever ence and in thanksgiving. Here wer the masses I had sought, the people wanted to love. Here was the brother hood of men, cemented by their love o God. I prayed, "God help me, God hel me."

I walked for hours that night—ob livious of the merrymakers. And I knew I was on the right road.

Though beset by many difficultie during the next few years, includin financial problems and illness, I wa never again without hope. When dis traught, I could find peace by walkin into a church. I could take my worrie to the Blessed Mother. I learned t count on Divine help.

My own prayers, and those of man charitable friends whom I had forgot ten, were answered. The road le straight to that baptismal font with it revolution of the spirit and to a new life in which, pray God, I will serv Him all the days of my life.

BELLA V. DODD, New York lawyer and former member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, taught for many years in public schools and at Hunter College. In April of this year she was received back into the Church.



They're Off!

▶ Ebenezer was over eighty, but he loved coon hunting. He trailed along when a party of hunters set out one dark night. Deep in the woods, the dogs treed their prey—but, to the surprise of the hunters, it turned out to be a wicked-looking, angry black bear. The dogs took one look and streaked off, followed by the hunters. At the edge of the woods, the party discovered that old Ebenezer was missing, but they decided that it was too late to do anything for him.

They set off to break the sad news to the old man's widow. Arriving at the cabin, they rapped on the door, which was immediately opened by old Ebenezer himself.

"Goshamighty" they exclaimed with one voice, "how did you git here?"

"Me?" the old fellow asked. "Why, I come along home wit' the dogs!"

—(Mrs.) Mildred Young

Mrs. Douglas displays her collection of heads which adorn the domes of canes. Before elections, candidates are equal, so losers and elected presidents are included.

Lincoln's supporters in 1860 campaigned for him with an ax that symbolized common man approach of "rail splitter." This lass also displays a few other campaign ornaments.

Campaign Buttons and Bows

A history in pictures of an important phase of our presidential elections is provided by this priceless collection of campaign material

● Every four years we elect a president, but not without elaborate campaigns of which an important part is the advertising of candidates on pins, scarves, mugs, buttons, bows, and other paraphernalia. It's all part of the drive to get the candidates before the people. At one time, this type of campaign material was much more important than it is today. Now radio and television do the job.

The material pictured here is all part of a collection that belongs to Mrs. Damon D. Douglas, of East Orange, New Jersey.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

Campaign kerchiefs were once works of art but today are seldom used because of other ways to reach people.

This girl displays scarves, banners, and kites used to broadcast candidates' names to public.

Pins used in campaign of 1892. Adlai Stevenson is the grandfather of 1952 Democratic presidential candidate.

William Jennings Bryan is pictured on glassware. He ran and lost three times.

Campaign Buttons out of

1932

1880

These lanterns and helmets were used in torch-light election parades before turn of century.

During Lincoln's campaigns in 1860 and 1864, his face was found on various types of mugs and jugs.

Whiskey issue in campaign of 1840 made this brand name synonymous with liquor.

Supporters of Grover Cleveland illuminated his name with lamps like this for his three campaigns.

1880

American History

1904

A PROUD PEOPLE

His first view of man's inhumanity to man filled the boy with an emotion he did not yet recognize as shame

ON MOST days the streamliner did not stop at the little brick station. Had anyone been near it today, he would have seen the long line of silver cars move across the sage, slowly, almost imperceptibly, as though it were some great anachronistic beast gradually realizing it had come into the wrong historical place and time. Reluctantly it stopped, a porter in a white coat dropped lightly to the ground, followed by a boy of about thirteen or fourteen. The boy jumped from the car before the porter could place the extra steps. Then the porter reached in and took down a single expensive leather bag. Almost before he had placed it on the ground, the train started to slide away. The boy shook the porter's hand and the man swung aboard.

In a minute the train had disappeared, gone like a snake in the reach of sage, and the boy was alone in the November sun. It was a hotter sun than he had thought November's might be and he moved into the rhomboid shadow of the station. There he sneezed: the mountain shade was colder, too, than he had thought it to be. He wondered why his father had not been waiting and debated whether he would have to wait long enough to make it worthwhile taking a jacket out of the bag. He decided he wouldn't have to wait that long and moved back into the sun. He hoped an Indian might come by. He'd never had a real chance to talk to one.

After five minutes passed uneventfully, the boy went out onto the wide, graded dirt road. He walked along it for a few rods and startled a roadrunner which loped wildly from left to right across the dirt. Chapparel-cock, the boy decided. He pulled out of a pocket a copy of *Birds of the Southwest* and found that he had guessed right. It made him feel good. When he looked up, he saw that something on the road was kicking up a thin red column of dust. November, he thought; what must it be like here in August?

The new station wagon eased to a stop with his father already opening the right-hand door. A stranger in a broad-brimmed hat was at the wheel. "Sorry we're late, Jimmy," his father said. "That train was running early. Buck, here, says it sometimes does along this stretch. It's wild country, you know."

"That's okay," the boy said. He felt awkward reaching up for his father's kiss on the cheek. Mr. Carteret picked up the bag and carried it to the station wagon. The driver had gotten out and was standing there smiling at them as they came up to him. He was about forty, anyhow a few years younger than the boy's father, the boy decided, and taller, fully six feet. "Meet Buck Young," Mr. Carteret said. "Best guide in the region."

"Hello, Jimmy," Buck said. "I've heard a lot about you."

"Pleased to meet you," the boy said. They shook hands.

"How do you like this part of the world?"

"So far I like it fine. I saw a chapparel-cock while I was waiting."

"You're likely to see almost anything if you wait around here long enough. Ready for some good hunting?" Buck talked back to the boy over his shoulder as he drove to the main road.

"I guess so." The boy accented the last word. He sat with his father in the second of the three seats. "Seen any good football games lately?" his father asked.

"All the school's home games. We beat Peddie this year."

"I hadn't known," his father said. "You must have a good team this year."

"Haven't lost a game all season. Only that tie with Hill."

"I was thinking," Buck Young said, his eyes on the road ahead. "I was thinking that if Jimmy has only these three or four days around Thanksgiving and one of them a Sunday, we better go after the antelope tomorrow."

"Why don't we leave it up to him?" Mr. Carteret said. "He's supposed to be back at school Monday, but he can take another day or two. We could fly him back except his mother wouldn't like it."

"What do you say, Jimmy?" Buck asked.

"I don't care what we go for. I'd like to meet some Indians as much as anything."

"Oh, you'll see them, all right." Buck's voice changed.

"What tribe is around here?" the boy asked.

"Almost all Pueblos, if you can call them a tribe. A few Navahos drift up now and then. You'd get tired of seeing them if you lived out here. They aren't much."

"I don't think I would." He laughed breathlessly.

The car pulled off a secondary road onto an expanse of graveled clearing cut out of a slope of great pines. In another month, the new inappropriate Tudor building would be a ski-lodge; already the racks stood before it. Over an early supper, the boy and his father decided that tomorrow they would go for antelope on one of the nearby tablelands.

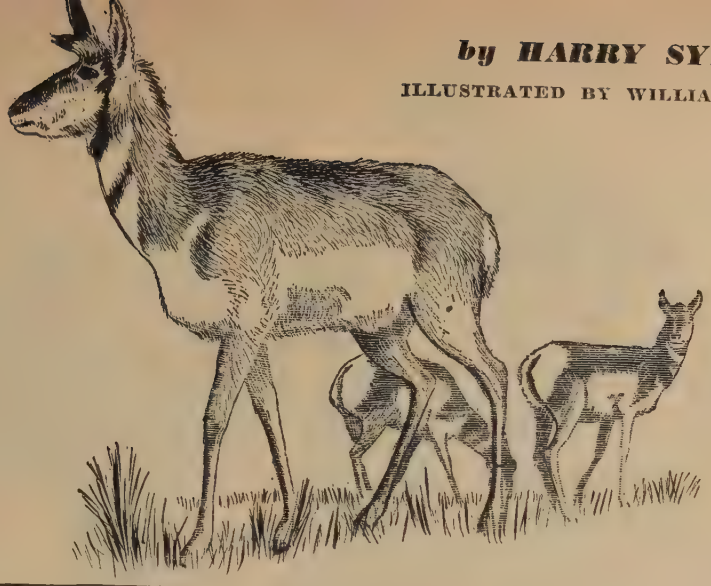
In darkness the next morning, Buck Young knocked on the Carterets' door and said in his professionally cheery voice that it was time to come and get it. At breakfast only one other table had diners, two middle-aged Texans, silent and not liking the early hour. It was still dark when Buck put the carbines and knapsacks into the station wagon. The mountain road dipped into a great valley full of shadows and rose gradually into light and toward a mesa pushed sharply up like a fist against a brightening eastern sky. The frost patterns on the windshield began to melt slowly; a wedge of mallard flew low across the road.

"We should have brought a shotgun," Mr. Carteret said.

"Ducks we can get anytime," Buck said. He took the car off the graded dirt road and onto a narrower and rougher one that climbed diagonally along the face of the mesa. Above them, on a natural wall or outcropping of sandstone, stood two Indians. The younger wore a pair of dungarees and a deerskin jacket, the older one's principal garment was a pink-and-white mail-order blanket. Each carried a deer

by HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RUTHERFOORD



rifle loosely in the hollow of an arm. Between them stood two tough, shaggy-coated ponies, one in color a dirty buff, the other—the boy noted happily—a real pinto. Across the buff pony was slung the carcass of a six-prong deer. The Indian pigtails had strips of white and faded red cloth braided into them.

The Indians watched the car with a mild curiosity. The younger might have smiled at the boy's questing, turning head. Jimmy turned to Buck and said: "Couldn't we stop? I want to talk to them."

Hearing the running boy, the younger Indian stopped and watched him come up to them

"I guess we could but I don't think we should. What do you want to talk to them for? Ask your father." Buck tried to make it light and faintly amused but couldn't quite.

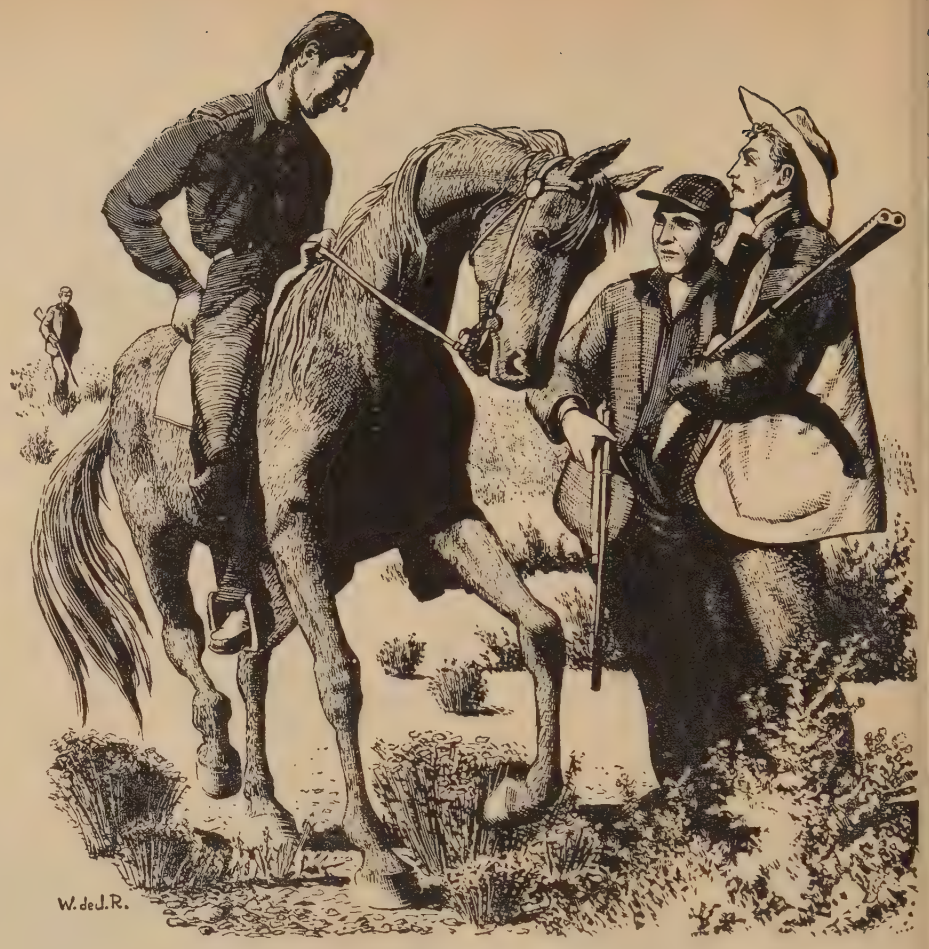
"How about it, Pop?"

"Whatever Buck says. He's running this expedition."

"He'd only be disappointed, Mr. Carteret."

"I'd rather talk to them than shoot an antelope," the boy said. "I really would."

"All right, then," Buck said. He stopped the station wagon but before he could shift to back up, the boy had leaped out of the car and was walking toward the Indians. The fresh morning wind made his eyes water. "Wait here," he called back. He wanted to talk to them without Buck looking on. He heard him set the hand brake. The Indians had already turned and leading their mounts were descending the winding road. Hearing the running boy, the younger Indian stopped and watched him come up to them. The older went on a few more paces with the buff pony and paused. His eyes grew faintly amused.



He saw his father and Buck talking to the horseman

"HEY," the boy said. "You had good luck, didn't you?" Now that he was with them he knew embarrassment. He waited for something, part of him waited with expectancy and delight; he thought it might be to hear whether or not they spoke his own tongue.

"We did all right," the young Indian said. "What you going after on the mesa, antelope?"

"That's right. How did you know?"

"That's where they're shooting them, on this mesa. You'll get one."

"That's what Buck said. We need special permits to shoot antelope. Just this one week in the year."

"Yes, that's right; I know." The young Indian started to turn away to where his companion was already starting slowly downward again. "Good luck."

"How come you got a deer when this is antelope country?" The boy was reluctant to let the other go.

The Indian paused again, turned and looked at him, a glance oblique and sardonic. "Oh, we just shoot what there is to shoot." He turned and went along the road. The boy stood there watching him go. The Indian was straight and proud as for years the boy had known the Indian would be. The older Indian just walked along in his mail-order blanket.

The boy returned to the station wagon and got in. "Well, what did you find out?" his father said.

"He said what Buck said—that we were sure to get antelope up here. They had a deer. I suppose because a deer is more meat than an antelope."

"That ain't why," Buck said. "It's that they don't allow Indians to hunt antelope. The antelope are on the big ranches and the only reason the ranchers let you shoot them is when the antelope get too many and begin to use up the winter pasture. They don't let the Indians in on the antelope shooting."

"That's very interesting," Mr. Carteret said. The boy said nothing.

Now the road was hardly more than a pair of ruts in the earth, vanishing into distance and the last tags of night mist. More mallard got up from a nearby slough, banked heavily as soon as they had momentum, and flew in a shaping wedge to the south. The boy watched them go.

"There they are," Buck said. At first the boy thought Buck meant the mallard, but the pointing finger leveled at the horizon. The boy could see nothing. Then he saw them, tiny bouncing, stiffly frisking shapes with legs and straight horns like the fine lines of an etching. In the long, subtle prairie shadows of the hollows, their body color blending into that of the grasses, the animals seemed for a moment no more than a group of bounding, rhythmical lines, the armatures for a group of marionettes, animated but as yet unfleshed.

"Now," Buck said in a calm voice. "We'll park this wagon in that little grove here and out of sight. We can begin our stalk from the trees. We're running in luck."

Here two or three cottonwoods rose out of surrounding clumps of Chinese-red willow shoots. Buck took the carbines out of the racks and handed the boy his with a half dozen shells. Even through his gloves the boy felt the metal's chill. He loaded the magazine but left the chamber empty. Then he followed the two men to the edge of the grove nearest the herd of antelope. The beasts could still be seen, outlined on top of the little rise. Some were moving slowly away, a few stood quiet, two or three cropped nervously, between raisings of their heads, at the pale bunchgrass.

"Actually," Buck said, "we could try a shot from here. But if we missed, that

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HARRY SYLVESTER, Notre Dame University graduate, has written short stories for *Collier's, Saturday Evening Post,* and other publications. He has also published three novels.

particular herd would be eight miles away in no time. I think we'd better try a stalk."

"A stalk is half the hunt for me," Mr. Carteret said. "By all means let's stalk them."

The boy, as they started to move slowly into the cover of another rise diagonally to the east of the animals, discovered that he trembled faintly. Even in the sun it was cold. By bending as they walked, the men were completely hidden from the beasts. In this fashion they moved perhaps a hundred and fifty yards and then as they came up the rise they paused again and watched the antelope over the edge of it. In a few places the sage grew shoulder-high, and Buck indicated they should crouch and make for the nearest tall patch.

BEFORE coming to a little crest, they lay down and began to belly up to the top. Now the antelope came into plain view and the boy could see the white patches on the breasts. None of them were feeding. The bright jonquil-colored light touched and made sharp all the shades of color; the boy could see the mark of the eyes in the heads.

"Now," Buck said, "—the thing is for each of us to pick his antelope and let the others know which he's aiming at. Take your time, the wind is toward us. If you want a head, shoot for a buck; if its meat, pick a doe."

Following a half minute or so of silence, the boy's father said: "I'm aiming at that big buck on the crest of the rise." The boy glanced from his animal —he didn't know whether it was buck or doe—at the extreme right of the group to look at the one his father had marked. It seemed the biggest of the herd, its head high, looking toward them.

"Are we all ready?" Buck said.

The boy wanted to say he wasn't ready but found he couldn't speak. He tried hastily to line up his sights on the animal at the far right. "I have that big doe to the left," Buck said. "I'm going to count three. Fire on three."

The boy's eyes watered in the wind. But his sights stayed on the beast he had chosen. The little rise made an almost perfect rest for prone rifle fire. But when Buck had said three and the thunder was in his ears the boy had still not fired. When he squeezed the trigger, his animal was running with the others except for one that lay kicking on the ground and another limping badly as it trailed the fleeing herd. They ran in enormous bounds and the boy watched them go before rising and following the men.

They passed the dead doe without stopping and moved unhurriedly on toward where the wounded beast limped alone, the rest of the herd vanished. Buck and Mr. Carteret began to take long shots at the antelope and after each shot—the distance between hunter and hunted remaining about a half mile —the wounded animal would dash wildly for a few rods. A sheen of blood showed bright on one flank even at the distance. Then the animal stopped moving and just stood there while the hunters came up to it.

"Here's your chance for a shot, Jimmy," Buck said. "A good chance to practice."

But the boy who, until then, had really not known what he might do if called to shoot an animal under the circumstances, immediately knew that this was not what he wanted. What he did want remained obscure but he knew he did not want this—to shoot an antelope or any beast this way. He didn't even begin to raise the carbine. "No," he said.

"Why not?" his father asked.

"I want one of the others—a live one." His voice had thickened with something he would be years knowing was a kind of anger.

"You want me to take it, Mr. Carteret?" Buck said.

"All right."

The carbine roared again, and when the boy looked the antelope lay still. Then with his father he walked back to get the car and drive it to where Buck had bled the animals and was waiting for them. Later in the morning he felt better, and when they sighted another herd he shot one after a long, careful stalk.

Returning to the edge of the mesa, they met the Texans, each with an antelope, but no more Indians. On the drive back to the lodge the boy was quiet. His father and Buck talked happily about the hunt and planned tomorrow's for quail. The boy kept telling himself he should feel as they did, but he felt no way at all. The talk of quail revived him; he had shot them over bird dogs in the east. They were something he knew about, and besides were less of a being than the animals.

The next day they drove southward along the main highway before turning off at right angles onto a dirt road. That in turn led through a notch in the low foothills until it came to a little series of *vegas* or meadows, each more or less boxed in by the hills and soft ridges which were the hills running into the flat land of the vegas.

"This is the place," Buck said.

"You mean we aren't going to use dogs?" the boy said. Overnight he had become more forthright. "I thought maybe some of the local people might have a pointer or setter we could use."

"Son," Buck said, "this ain't like the east. There's so much quail here you don't need a dog. Look!"

The boy saw them running, dodging through the maze of pinion and the barky trunks of sage. They were slate-gray and he did not think at first that they were quail. Then he was at the left end of a line of three, fifty or sixty yards apart, moving through the sage. It was jump-shooting, with no dog to point the birds but only the sudden, wild whirring upward and outward of the gray balls of wing and feather.

The coveys were smaller and scattered more on the rise than did the bob-white quail of the east, and the slate color blended surely into that of the terrain. The boy missed four or five times before dropping one with a long shot, a good thirty-five yards.

They had reached the far edge of the vega, marked by a low hill. The boy joined them and they compared kills. Buck had shot four, his father three, and the boy had his one. Buck suggested they hunt back over the same ground for singles and then go over the rise at

What's the Use?

No matter how he tried, the young son of a self-made man had never been able to get a word of praise or encouragement from his father. Now, at the end of his first year at Yale, he was returning home with a report that he felt sure would be satisfactory.

"I came out second in my class, Dad," he announced proudly.

"Second," his father exclaimed. "Why weren't you at the head of the class, where a son of mine ought to be?"

Returning to school, the young man slaved all the next year over his books. Finally he returned home and announced wearily,

"Well, I made it. I'm head man in my class."

His father eyed him coldly.

"Head of the class?" he repeated. "Well, all I can say is that's a fine commentary on Yale University!"

—*William Hale*

the other end and into another meadow. Once more in line, the boy found himself less atremble. Often the singles or a pair would wait until he was on them before rising to fly directly back of him in the direction from which he walked. But he learned to whirl, holding his fire until the gun had cleared the men on his left, then leading the curving bird, putting the sights on the fleeing gray, then moving them ahead of it. He got two on the way back. They climbed the rise and were in another, larger vega.

This meadow was open at one end, revealing a limitless prairie view ahead, broken only by a low flat line that the boy finally recognized as the roof-line of a pueblo by the serrated beam-ends against the sky. "Indians," he said, that astonishment and delight still in him.

"That's San Jacinto Pueblo," Buck said.

"Then this must be Indian land we're hunting," Mr. Carteret said. He was sweating from the little climb.

"That's right," Buck said. "If we spread out again, I think we'll get some really good shooting this time."

AHEAD of them as they moved forward, coveys of birds ran, seeming to scatter, almost as though they were dulled beads of quicksilver. Then other quail rose almost from under the hunters' feet and the guns sounded again, sharp in the November air.

Now it seemed to the boy that these birds were easier to hit than the bobwhite, not because they were less elusive —for if anything they flew harder—but because there was less high cover. The gun muzzles could stay on them longer without seeing the birds wheel or dive suddenly into cover. This accounted, he guessed, for their apparent reluctance to fly until the hunters were almost upon them.

The boy had now increased his bag to four and thought his father and Buck might be near the limit of ten, when he noticed between himself and the pueblo a solitary horseman. The horse approached the hunters neither swiftly nor slowly but at a kind of unhurried canter; then the boy was distracted by one of the many jack-rabbits that inhabited the vega and which he and Buck had agreed not to bother shooting at. The jack's frightened leap from cover raised a single quail and the boy covered it, following the hard flight with new confidence in his accuracy, moving the muzzle slightly ahead as the bird went into a long glide, and firmly squeezed the trigger. The bird fell in a straight line and the boy ran forward to get it.

When he had retrieved the bird, he turned to locate the others and saw his father and Buck talking to the horseman, who turned out to be an Indian. The boy walked over to the trio. The Indian was astride a horse instead of the conventional pony. The horse was mettlesome and the Indian, who seemed rather grave, had trouble keeping his face toward the men on the ground. Coming within earshot, the boy heard Buck say: "Tell the governor of the pueblo that I got something else to do with my time than go see him."

"I'm only telling you," the Indian said, "what he said to say. Anyone that hunts this land has to pay three dollars. That's the way it's been for a long time."

"I've hunted here before and never paid any three dollars," Buck said. "Anyhow, if I wanted to pay why would I have to go see the governor?"

"So he can give you a paper, a kind of license."

"This kind of hunting is worth three dollars, Buck," Mr. Carteret said. "Let me give him nine dollars and be done."

"No," Buck said. "It's the principle of the thing." He kept looking at the Indian and did not turn to answer Mr. Carteret. "Tell the governor I never heard of no one paying. Ask him by what right he wants to be paid."

THE boy had been watching the Indian talk and try to manage the horse at the same time. A change, unreadable, took place in the man's face; he turned the horse and took off for the pueblo at a gallop.

"How do you like that?" Buck said in a tone that expected no reply.

"What?" the boy said for some reason.

"They want to be paid for hunting on their land."

"Well, let's pay them," the boy said. He could hardly know it then, but the words marked a step in the direction of his manhood.

"Hell, no," Buck said. "We can't let you and your pop run around throwing your money away like that. Now we —he and I—have almost our limit. How many you got?"

"Four."

"Then you'd better get going if you want to shoot your limit before lunch."

The boy's feelings were not simple nor his thought clear. It seemed possible that now—as one time surely—the Indian might return with others, with violence; the boy found that he feared less the violence than the rightness that part of him knew could give violence meaning and authority. It was true that all Indians were peaceful now, but it seemed to him that people in whom as much pride yet resided as he had seen in the young Indian of the previous day, might yet possess an accompanying violence. He spoke none of this to either of the men but, in a kind of duty, resumed his hunt across the vega. He had dropped two more of the scaled quail and his father and Buck had completed their limit when he noticed the horseman returning. He was alone.

They paused and watched the Indian ride up. The boy noticed that Buck now stood with the automatic shotgun held in both hands, loosely across his thighs as though it were heavier than it was, kind of barbell.

The Indian reined in before them and Buck said: "What now?"

"The governor says you have to pay..."

"I told you to tell the governor we weren't going to."

"He says you have to. He got a ruling—some kind of ruling two years ago from the Department of Indian Affairs."

"Oh, them—" Buck said. He used an unprintable word.

"I still think . . ." Mr. Carteret began.

Now Buck's head moved and he almost shouted. "I don't care what your governor or the Indian Affairs people say. And if you don't get out of here I'm going to dust that horse of yours off with bird shot."

"Oh, you're a brave guy, all right," the Indian said. "I come here without a gun."

"Lucky thing, too," Buck said. "Now get!"

The Indian said something in his own language, then turned and rode away as he had come, neither fast nor slow. They watched him, the boy in acute nameless discomfort. What joy there had been in the hunt was gone. "Now you better finish getting your limit," Buck said, turning to him. The man's mouth tried to grin.

THE boy looked at him, looked without feeling, neither hatred nor fear nor that respect for strength which doesn't depend on liking or disliking. "I had enough," the boy said. "It isn't like hunting them in the east."

"You mean these blue quail are harder to hit?"

"No," the boy said. "That isn't what I mean at all." He turned and began to walk toward the first vega, to where the station wagon stood. As he walked, part of him still expected some kind of violence, remote, anachronistic, deserved. It never came. No arrow flew silent from a ridge top, no painted horsemen rode with brandished spears down the slope. The two men, however, found they had no choice but to follow the boy. He kept ahead of them and answered nothing except what he had to answer. Guns, he thought, to heck with them and their guns. That feeling too, would pass, but part of today never would. He knew that and he knew he was older and stronger, more ready than he had ever been for whatever it was a man might have to be ready for.

Weak Links in Western Defense

The United States does its share by supplying troops, arms, and munitions to Western defense community

A look at the European scene reveals the neutralism of Great Britain's Labor Party to be the biggest threat to NATO's success

***by* ROBERT INGRIM**

WILL NATO and its completion by the accession of Germany last as long as the threat of Communist imperialism? Are we in danger of losing allies before the cold war is won?

Where are the weak links of the chain? The French, of course, are pointing to Germany. One of their means of delaying the common action and of raising the price of their assent is their demand for a special American and British insurance against Germany's falling away from the grand alliance. In reality, the possibility of a defection is smaller in Germany than in any other European country. To be sure, Germany is the ham in the sandwich; geography has put her in the middle between West and East. That gives her a special position, involving a permanent danger of encirclement and, on the other hand, the allurement. To the Germans, the Soviet Union is an implacable enemy because her immutable aim has been the complete destruction of Germany's freedoms.

Furthermore, Germany has had the measles and is, therefore, less likely than other European nations to catch it again. Owing to Soviet invasion and occupation, the Germans have seen too much of it on their own soil, and too many of them were in Russian captivity.

At the same time, Communism is still riding high in both Italy and France. Yet I am far from implying that Italy and France are in any serious danger of getting estranged from the Atlantic alliance. In both countries Communism seems to have reached its high-water mark, and only a minority of its followers can be considered militant.

The real danger to the defense community is not Communism but neutralism. Undisguised Communism has lost much of its prestige and attraction. Cloaked as neutralism, it still succeeds in befogging the brains of many well-meaning people.

European neutralism expresses itself as the rejection of America's leadership in the Western community.

Hence, probing for the soft spots in the defense community, don't look for Red drapings; look for the neutralist cloak.

Watching the European scene, I have reached the unpleasant conclusion that it is in Great Britain that the defense community is exposed to its gravest peril, because here is the scene of the most promising united front maneuver of Communist-inspired neutralism. He who considers this a biased statement should reflect on what would happen if British Labor emerged victorious in the

next elections. In the last elections, which put the Conservatives in power, the over-all count showed that Labor had scored more votes than Winston Churchill's party. Since then, by-elections have gone very well for the opposition. To be sure, the Conservatives will not yield prematurely, and it can be hoped that they will win again and even with an improved margin. But a Labor triumph is a possibility with which we have to reckon.

NO one can ignore the fact that the vigor of Labor's old leadership, that of Clement Attlee and Herbert Morrison, is waning. It was foul compromise when they voted against ratification of the German Treaty under the flimsy pretext that a postponement until fall would be advisable. Labor's Right Wing did so in order to prevent a split in the party. It gave way to the threats of the Left Wing. That was a proof of frightening feebleness because a split would, for the time being, imperil the Radicals more than the Moderates. If Attlee did not dare to call Aneurin Bevan's bluff on that favorable occasion, how will he fare in less propitious situations?

In the last British elections, Communist candidates did not run in districts where they would have competed with Left Wing Socialists. To make this united front, they called Bevan a Titoist—very significantly, because a Titoist is a Communist who is too much of a nationalist to accept Stalin's rule. Playing a Titoist is something entirely legitimate from the Moscow point of view, that is, as long as the country in question is not ripe for incorporation as a satellite state in the Soviet Empire. Tito himself incurred Stalin's wrath only by staying a Titoist too long. Togliatti, for instance, is playing the Titoist, that is the Italian nationalist, by order of the Kremlin because Italy, far from being ready to be pocketed as a satellite, is still in the phase of the united-front maneuver. So is Great Britain. Bevan as a Titoist is exactly what Moscow desires, and he emphasized his part by visiting the Yugoslav capital. He is a faithful Titoist, not a rebellious Tito.

During the election campaign of 1951, Bevan treated himself to the joke of asking the Americans ("our American friends") to be thankful for the fact that, owing to the political unity of the British working class, there was no Communist party in the United Kingdom, boldly speculating on the simpletons who would not realize that a Communist group, besides the Socialists, would be much preferable to a united Labor party dominated by its Communist wing.

I am prepared for the objection that I have no proof that Bevan is a Communist, and therefore no right to call him such. We should do away with these farcicalities. If a Communist deals in politics, he cannot fool us by not wearing a red tie or carrying a membership card. There is a very simple test: On secondary matters he is allowed, even ordered, to deviate from the party line because that improves his concealment. On matters of primary importance, he has to defend Soviet interests even if by doing so, he does irreparable harm to his own nation. If we apply this test, no further discussion is needed about Aneurin Bevan's allegiance. This is no witch hunt; it is only the refusal to allow wool to be pulled over our eyes.

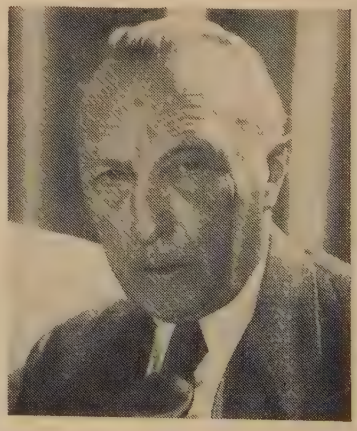
Occasionally Bevan and his ilk indulge in derogatory remarks on certain minor aspects of Soviet life, but when it comes to the point, Stalin can rely on them. At present, the Kremlin's chief worry is to prevent the restoring of a military balance of power in the Far East and in Europe. No one will then be surprised to find Mr. Bevan as an untiring pleader for (a) the recognition of Red China and her admission to the UN; (b) the surrender of Chiang Kai-shek and Formosa to the Communists; (c) the lifting of the arms embargo against the Soviet Empire; (d) the perpetuation of Germany's defenselessness; and (e) four-power talks, or, preferably, five-power talks, with the inclusion of Mao Tse-tung.

Is it necessary to show that that policy would be fatal to Bevan's own country? If Germany stays unarmed, the Red Army can, when the occasion arises, advance to the Channel and render the British Isles a Soviet dependency. If Japan, as is Bevan's desire, is linked economically with Red China and the Soviet Union, Moscow need no longer be afraid of having to fight a two-front war; Stalin can then concentrate all his forces against Western Europe and Turkey.

THERE is another aspect of this development which must not be neglected, and that is the collusion between Bevan and the German Socialists. (By the way, the correct translation of their party name, *Sozialdemokratie,* is not social democracy but democratic socialism. We must always be on guard against a wrong terminology.) In spite of the wild gestures of Kurt Schumacher, the Socialist leader who died on August 20, it can be assumed that, if he had become chancellor, his foreign policy would not have differed much from that pursued by Konrad Adenauer. Of course, Schumacher would have done grudgingly what Adenauer does with

Aneurin Bevan is leader of neutralism in England

Dr. Kurt Schumacher, Socialist Party leader who died Aug. 20



Konrad Adenauer, chancellor of West Germany's government

Photos from Wide World and United Press

ace and conviction, but basically it ould have been the same, because humacher hated Soviet imperialism nd would have needed our help and ie Western alliance. Also, he was by o means a pacifist. However, his opposition degenerated into an absolutely responsible nihilism because he burned ith the morbid ambition of heading ermany's government. It is not quite ir to call him another Hitler, but hat rendered him similar to the latter as his complete lack of patience. He ould not bide his time and had the eeling that time was working against im because Adenauer's prestige was ising.

THE urge of becoming the majority is in the nature of the minority, but an opposition has no other thought, can no longer play the part allotted to it in the democratic system. n foreign affairs, an opposition true to s role will assist the government's egotiations by constructive criticism hich will induce the other side to be nore compliant. What did Schumacher o instead? When Adenauer negotiated is treaties, the leader of the opposition eclared that, if he became chancellor, e would at once shake off the obligaons entered into by his predecessor. he result was that the Western Pows attached strings to several stipulaons which, in turn, allowed Schumacher to shout that Adenauer had impaired Germany's sovereignty and quality.

Power is the mainspring of rights, but chumacher forced the Chancellor to ut the cart before the horse by obligng him to obtain equality before accepting arms. Thus, most precious time as lost. Schumacher also compelled im to play the wasteful game of testng, time and again, Stalin's "real inentions" concerning the restoration of ermany's unity. Only a child could elieve that Stalin would tolerate genine elections in his zone of occupation, nd Schumacher cannot have cherished his illusion for a moment. Nevertheless, e did not renounce this opportunity of mposing another loss of time upon the hancellor. His main brake was the ssertion that the present Bundestag was ot entitled to re-establish military servce and that, therefore, general elections ad to precede the ratification of the reaties.

It is not surprising that the Kremlin as elated by Schumacher's tactics. Vhatever his motives, Stalin's retarding maneuvers could not have found a better helpmate. The Bevanites were mobilized in order to strengthen Schumacher's hands. They flocked to Bonn and after their return to London announced that "the German people" must be heard prior to any decision on Germany's rearmament. Looking for delays, Stalin is not squeamish. In this respect, Schumacher was a welcome ally.

It is interesting to note that the German Socialists, though rejecting a united front with German Communists, are quite willing to establish one with British Communists. This fact ought to be watched carefully by the United States. It gives us an indication of what could happen to our defense community if Socialism were to take the helm in Great Britain or in Germany or in both countries. The danger is greater in Britain, first, because socialism there has a better chance to win than in Germany, and, secondly, because Bevan is more inspired than was Schumacher by outright anti-Americanism. That's why I call Great Britain the weakest link in the Atlantic Community.

That obviously, is also Stalin's impression. Not for nothing has he dispatched Andrei Gromyko, one of his best men, as Ambassador to London. Gromyko and Bevan—a team full of promise.

The gospel of American "liberals"—that European Socialism was our best ally and the safest bulwark against Communism—has long been exploded. Every step toward the European and the Atlantic Community had to be fought for by European traditionalists and Christian Democrats against Socialist opposition.

What are the conclusions to be drawn by U. S. diplomacy?

First: Since Great Britain, more than any other European nation, is in danger of falling a prey to an anti-American government, we must see to it that our connection with the Continent is solid enough to outlast Britain's defection. We must have direct relations with both France and Germany. Secondly: It is America's vital interest to keep conservatism and Christian democracy in power in Great Britain and on the Continent. We must never think that this is not our business. Gromyko is Stalin's envoy to Bevan. This challenge must be met.

No Wonder Children Loved Him!

by FRANCIS HOWARD

ON a boulder in a cemetery in Atlanta, Georgia, may be found a moving epitaph honoring a man's love for children. The stone appropriately marks the last resting place of Joel Chandler Harris, the beloved author of the "Uncle Remus" tales.

Today the majority of Americans are unaware that, shortly before his death in 1908, the famous writer was received into the Catholic Church, toward which he had always shown a friendly interest.

Though his books brought him an enduring popularity, "Joe" Harris was so bashful that he would not appear at any public function where he might have to speak. His friends who loved and understood him best said that at heart he was nothing but an overgrown boy.

Thousands who visit his grave in the Southern city come away with a wistful feeling that here was a man who had the extraordinary quality of "never growing up." The words on the unique gravestone bear testimony to his innocence of spirit and tender naïveté. Actually, the inscription was "lifted" from a dedication of one of the Uncle Remus volumes, but every visitor who lingers to read it somehow senses that the author had a heart big enough to take in a love for all humanity:

"I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying: 'You have made some of us happy.' And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling, and I have to bow silently and turn away and hurry into the obscurity that fits me best."

ROBERT INGRIM, commentator and editor, recently returned to Switzerland after spending three months in the United States. He is the author of *After Stalin*.

Paul Winchell and his raucous-voiced sidekick, Jerry Mahoney, are seen weekly by millions of TV viewers

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by ***JOHN LESTER***

In Brief

Hollywood's movie industry plans to televise its annual Oscar Awards coast-to-coast, but via theater TV only, not home TV. The event is slated for some time in March. . . . Donald O'Connor's wife, Gwen, a very talented lass, due for a big TV buildup this year. . . . The first educational, noncommercial TV station will go on the air in Los Angeles about January 15, and the transmitter is now being erected atop Mt. Wilson. . . . The Adolphe Menjou TV series, *Favorite Story,* will debut right after the first of the year.

Fibber McGee and Molly (Jim and Marian Jordan) just became grandparents for the fifth time. . . . Sponsors are dickering with the TV networks over coverage of the 1956 political conventions. . . . Ventriloquist Jimmy Nelson and his dummy-sidekick, Danny O'Day, will make an album of kiddie records for Capitol. Nelson and O'Day do the Berle show commercials. . . . Incidentally, Berle is celebrating his twenty-third year in television this month. He debuted on a closed circuit show in Chicago in 1929 and did various experimental and closed shows on the medium thereafter on a more or less regular basis. . . . The need for skilled TV technicians is greater than ever and young people could do worse than to look into the situation. . . . *Terry and The Pirates* tees off as a TV-filmed series late next month. . . . NBC is testing color TV again under a new FCC grant, but commercial color is still years away. Some experts say at least four. Several states are quietly investigating the possibilities of laws designed to collect taxes on televised boxing bouts beamed into their boundaries from New York, Chicago, and other places.

Winchell and Mahoney

Paul Winchell, a young weight-lifter, sculptor, and onetime polio victim, is undoubtedly the greatest practitioner of the ancient art of ventriloquism in the world today.

He and his raucous-voiced little sidekick, Jerry Mahoney, are seen by millions each week during the regular TV season, millions who laugh at the quips and gags delivered by this comic-dramatic pair and are charmed by their musical productions.

In addition, this vast audience is able to watch, and has been watching, over a period of years, a gradual revolution in the technique of ventriloquism, or "belly-talking," a revolution so strange and unusual that one wonders where it will end, and on what eerie note, because the ingenious and enterprising Winchell is "The Great Gabbo" of our time and is slowly but surely getting his dummy under remote control, bringing him to a kind of "life."

Winchell's aim in this connection is soon to have Jerry doing everything a human being can do, independently and without any visible means of support or manipulation.

The "kid," as Winchell calls him, can already walk, dance, play drums, smoke a cigarette, type, move his fingers and tongue, box, and of course, talk all by himself. Winchell, although perfectly normal in his attitude toward his relationship with Mahoney, doesn't know where and how all this will end.

Another switch of Winchell's is pantomine between dummy and mentor, a complete turnabout for an art form that has always depended on conversation.

Vatican Radio

You know, of course, that a complete overhaul of the Vatican's short-wave station was begun about five years ago, and it was sorely needed. The station was in bad shape, both technically and phy-

sically, and wasn't strong enough to reach more than a small percentage of its intended worldwide audience.

The overhaul was begun after RCA President Frank Folsom learned of Vatican Radio's condition on a visit to Rome. He immediately assigned RCA experts to VR's staff to assist in drawing up plans for a completely restored and more powerful station, and to remain in an advisory capacity as long as necessary, even indefinitely, if necessary.

If all goes according to schedule, and there are no wars or diversions of Vatican funds to other purposes, the new VR should be ready some time in 1957 at a total cost of between $3,500,000 and $5,000,000. It will then be equal to the BBC, the short-wave system of the British, the most powerful in the world.

The Missing Fred Allen

Once again, both radio and TV are without the regular services of Fred Allen, one of the master wits of our time. This is a regrettable situation and one that practically every critic and columnist in America would like to correct.

It's doubtful, though, that it will be corrected this season and it's just possible that Allen may even be forced into permanent retirement, if you allow for a few personal appearances and guest shots from time to time.

The sad reason is that Allen is a pretty sick man, which condition his pessimistic tendencies don't especially help, nor does the realization that he has been anything but a hit on television.

Even deeper goes Allen's hurt at being tossed off radio by a novelty program called *Stop the Music,* a program of no lasting quality or any real staying power, a program which lately withered and died for lack of these necessities.

Stop the Music, as you may remember, went into the ABC radio time opposite Allen's prime Sunday night NBC half-hour several years ago and not much was expected of it.

It's possible that not much would have happened, either, except that Fred began blasting the show on his top-rated airer, thereby publicizing it to millions of people who eventually switched to find out what the beef was all about.

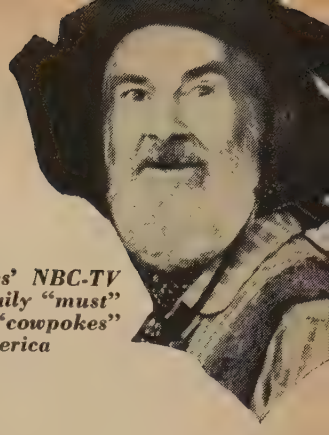
Such mass switching was responsible for dropping Allen and his gang from the top of the heap to a position far, far down on the list of "best" shows in the short period of a few months.

Family Situation Stories

I always leave the deep thinking to better minds and other departments, but I don't hesitate to suggest that there is considerable healthy significance in the fact that television has brought the American family closer together than it has been in nearly two generations and has accounted for a tremendous interest in family-situation stories, serials, and plays.

The public obviously finds identification in this type fare, which is natural, and likes it very much. As a result, it will be showing all over the place this year and next, thus offsetting some of the sex and crime programs that are the vogue at the moment.

Among the best of these "domestic comedy" shows is the CBS-TV hit, *I Love Lucy,* starring Lucille Ball and her husband, Desi Arnaz, which you can expect to see widely imitated this season.



Gabby Hayes' NBC-TV series is a daily "must" for young "cowpokes" all over America

Although no imitation, *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet,* starring Ozzie Nelson and Harriett Hilliard, an ABC radio and TV property, is of the same cloth and will probably come very close to "Lucy" in popular appeal, as will the Phil Harris-Alice Faye series, if it goes through as expected.

Others include *This Is the Life,* with the Fisher family, on Dumont; *The Goldbergs* and "The Rileys" (the latter in *The Life of Riley*), both NBC attractions.

In some ways, the best of the lot is *Mama,* which is now in its fourth year on CBS-TV, and about which it is nearly impossible to write too glowingly. This series began on CBS-TV July 1, 1949, and was suggested by Kathryn Forbes' novel, *Mama's Bank Account,* on which the Broadway and Hollywood successes of *I Remember Mama* were based.

In addition to its excellent characterization, *Mama,* as a show, has everything, including warmth, gentle charm, wholesomeness, and the essence of real family life, one of the richest experiences allotted to man. It's a program the entire family can watch and enjoy together.

Ill health and other bad breaks are keeping Fred Allen off TV and radio

Bing Crosby rehearses radio show with Jimmy Stewart. Read here next month how the Groaner learned to wiggle his ears

Songstress Eileen Barton, heard every Sunday with Paul Whiteman on ABC radio

Leaderless Resistance

Photos from United Press and Eastfoto

A Bavarian family fleeing across East-West border. Stream marks border line

All over East Europe, a mass reaction against the Communist regime is taking place among the young people—and without any leaders

by ***JUDITH LISTOWEL***

"NONE of the young people will accept Communism!" The young Czech nearly spat this sentence at me. "They hate and despise the regime. They do what they can to slow down production and confuse organization. It is difficult to see at times how to hamper the Communist plan without harming the country, but we are doing our bit. It is the middle-aged and the old, with their 'responsibilities,' their fears, their complex about possessions, who give in. They are the collaborators; they not only bow to the regime, but they would like to keep us quiet."

There was hatred in his voice as he said this. It was the summer of 1951, and we were sitting in my study. He had been sent to me by friends, who explained that he had fled recently from Czechoslovakia and, to protect his family, was using an assumed name and would not disclose personal details. About 27-28 years old, tall, thin, with powerful glasses over gray-blue eyes, a big nose and a mouth which he seemed to suck in until it was barely a line, he had the appearance of an East European intellectual. He had held a responsible position in one of the Ministries of Czechoslovakia; this had enabled him to learn a good deal about what was going on. The bitterness with which he talked about the older generation surprised me.

"You say all the others feel like you?" I asked. "Who has streamlined your views? What sort of person is your leader?"

He shook his head and looked at me with a puzzled expression. "I don't think you understand. We have no leader—we could not have one. The Communists arrest any potential leader. They are good at that." The hatred had returned to his voice. "That is an essential part of their technique. Any young person, unless he becomes a trusted Party member, who shows indications of emerging from the masses, finds himself in a forced labor camp or a uranium mine before his friends become aware of his qualities."

"It was different under the Nazis," I said, almost to myself. "During the war there were resistance leaders—men and women with legendary reputations, known even to some of us in London. Were you involved in any resistance organization then?"

He shook his head for a second time. "Of course we had leaders—under the Nazis it was much easier than it is now. I was a student then and belonged to an anti-Nazi circle. But the workers earned good wages and did not care about politics. The Germans left them pretty much alone. Anyhow, we had been betrayed by the West, so they could not see why they should risk their necks. But now the workers hate the Communists—at least the young workers do. As I told you, we all feel and react alike; that is why we can do without leaders. It is quite different from the war—it is a leaderless resistance. . . ."

"Leaderless resistance." So that was what they, the young behind the Iron Curtain, called it. This Czech refugee had handed me the key to the enigma which I had sought to solve since 1947. I had collected many bits and pieces, but they did not fit properly together.

There was, for instance, the case of Maria, my Polish schoolteacher friend,

who had managed to smuggle out a letter describing a—so her—thrilling experience.

On July 22, 1950, she was ordered to parade with her school, give the clenched-fist salute, and sing Communist songs while passing the official stand, on which the Communist dignitaries spread themselves. She could not bear to go through with it, so she ran away! "Rather cowardly of me," she said in her letter. Dashing down a side street of Warsaw, unexpectedly she was surrounded by a contingent of building workers who pressed her into their ranks.

The building workers have the reputation of being the rowdiest workers in Poland, so she did not think it advisable to trifle with them. As the regime had forced them to apprentice women, it was not surprising that she should see many there. She noticed that every man had his right fist deep in his pants pocket. When they approached the reviewing stand, one of the Party organizers shouted: "As soon as you get to . . . turn your heads right and greet your red handkerchiefs as a token of loyalty to our President." Maria automatically turned her head right and happened to lift her hand; but her neighbor caught her roughly in the elbow and hissed into her ear: "I'll break your neck if you even dare to squint to the right. Look straight in front of you—not a move with your hand."

THEY marched with grim faces past the stand. Later she discovered that men had been issued a red handkerchief in order to wave it before Party. But the building workers were angry over the new norms—the minimum number of work they had to do to draw their wages—which meant more work for less money. This was a demonstration to show their indignation. It was followed in a few months by builders' strikes in different parts of Warsaw—also in Lodz, Gdynia, Cracow, and Bialystock. There seemed to be no organizing committee—not even an individual organizer—it just happened. "Leaderless spontaneity" was the answer.

Then there was the trouble in the coal mines of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Rumania. Everywhere the cause was the same—higher norms, lower wages. Poland's coal—her "black gold"—is all-important to the Communist regime. Most of it goes to Russia at a ridiculously low price, but the rest buys steel, raw materials, machine-tools, and so on. The Polish miners have been alternately praised, admonished, implored, and threatened. Their whole attitude resisted to the efforts of the regime to step up production by compulsion and by "changing their jobs without permission." Despite hundreds of security policemen, political agitators, Soviet-trained engineers, and speeches by Ministers, they resisted the pressure to increase production and even went on strike. There were reprisals, but comparatively few, because miners are needed and the regime does not know who is behind the trouble.

In Hungary the situation is particularly tense in industry. In addition to high norms and low wages, the workers are infuriated by two things: 1. That the women are sent down the shafts and up the scaffolding. 2. That the workers' allotments are being forcibly taken away. This means losing their opportunity to keep poultry and grow vegetables. As in the other People's Democracies, the result is absenteeism, "Buddha of labor," refusal to use machinery, and sabotage.

LAST July, it was officially stated that of forty-one Hungarian-made load cutters recently inspected, only six were at work. In many mines there have been unexplained fires. On July 6—"two days before the Korean production drive"—there was one in Pit No. 11 at Tatabanya. This was reported in the Hungarian press as well as the fact that the miners could not return to work for three days and 120 truckloads of coal were lost.

Last April in Budapest, eight factories went up in flames, in the provinces at least ten. Friends of mine saw the burning of the Holzer leather factory and inspected the remnants of a train which had been packed with lard for the Soviet Union and had "caught fire." On the night of the Holzer fire, when the manager rang up the fire department, he was told that his was the fourteenth call! By the time the fire truck got there, the blaze was out of control.

Many workers have disappeared after such sabotage, yet it goes on. Incidentally, the families of the workers who are spirited away are sent food, clothing, and money—they do not know by whom. Some believe that certain gifts come from Party members. No wonder that last spring, Mátyás Rákosi, the Hungarian Communist leader, said in a secret report to Moscow that if the Russian troops left Hungary and Soviet agents were withdrawn, he could not answer for anything. "I am not even sure of the members of the Security Police . . ."

In Rumania, Premier Gheorghiu Dej has had to go personally to Petrozani to promise the miners improved living conditions; the oil workers have had to be bribed with cheap consumption goods because they simply "went slow." In Bulgaria, Premier Vlko

Without any organization, workers "go slow" in protest of Communist norms

Last year a Czech engineer drove a train from behind the Iron Curtain

East zone refugees are housed in one of four camps in West Germany

Czerrenkov had to stump the Pernik mines, the rose-oil centers, and other factories and promise the workers better housing, better food, better clothing. No leaders could be found, yet all workers "went slow" as though on an invisible signal.

In agriculture the situation is no better. In every part of East Europe the peasants react like one man—the Governments scream against them in identical terms. The régimes want the largest possible crops—Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria have to "export" vast quantities of food to the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany. Moreover, they want to sell food on the world market. To secure large crops, they must merge the small fields of individual peasants into collective farms.

The peasants hate collectivization, because they want to remain their own masters on their own land; they hate mechanization, because machines can only be used profitably on large fields, if threshing is done by machines, grain deliveries are deducted then and there, and they have no chance to hide anything against a rainy day.

To realize how peasants who own more than two acres of land—called by the Russian word *kulaks*—are ruined by taxation, take this example. The victim is a Hungarian personally known to me. He has twenty-one acres.

IN 1951 he had been fined for having cut his lucerne before May 10. This year he waited until May 11 before he cut any of it. On May 13 the police came along and fined him 500 forints (fifty dollars) for not having cut it before May 10! This man was also fined 300 forints (thirty dollars) for not having a metal tray in front of his baking oven "as the cottage might catch fire," and 50 forints (five dollars) "for not having a brass ring around the spot where the iron tube pierces the wall." (Incidentally, in Hungary a brass ring is unobtainable and there is no regulation about metal trays or brass rings for ovens.)

Soon this peasant will be completely ruined. But he happens to be a hard-headed, stubborn type, who will not give up as long as he has a raw potato to gnaw. His wife is equally determined. They say that God will give them strength to do the right thing. Their sons have been called into service, their daughters ordered to work on State farms or in factories in the near-by towns. These are the young people about whose attitude I wondered until my talk with the young Czech.

The Communist leaders are aware of what is happening—but they do not know how to deal with leaderless resistance. That explains a strange new job in Hungary—persons *In Charge of Facial Expression.* A girl, whose family is known to me, sent word of the following incident. She works in a government department in Budapest. As is customary, several times a week at the end of her office day she has to attend a political lecture. One night last winter she was very tired, but every time the speaker said "Our great and glorious Stalin," she applauded. After the lecture the man *In Charge of Facial Expression,* came up to her and said, "Comrade Anna, are you not feeling well today?"

"Thank you, Comrade Szabó, I am feeling all right."

"But you did not smile when you clapped at the mention of Our Beloved One," he said, looking at her with piercing eyes; "you seemed dejected."

Anna no longer bantered. "Come to think of it, I have a headache; that must have been the cause," she said quickly, hoping a lie might save her.

"I will let you off today," Comrade Szabó replied sternly. "But take care—you'd better have no headache tomorrow."

If the regime knew of another way to induce people to appear happy, it would not have stooped to a method costly in manpower, at a moment when it is very short of reliable people. But what are the Communist leaders to do in face of leaderless resistance? Where do they begin to tame this hydra with the invisible heads?

IN 1917 Lenin said the soldiers had voted for the Bolsheviks "with their feet"—by running away from the front. Tens of thousands of East Europeans have "voted with their feet" against the Communist regimes of their native lands by escaping to the West. And at what a risk to themselves have they done this! Escape stories, ranging from young Poles jumping ship to Czech engineers crashing trains "through" the Iron Curtain, are too well known to need repetition. But the number and the age of the escapees are important. In July, 1,300 East Germans escaped daily to Western Berlin. From January 1 to July 31, 1952, over two-thirds of the persons who escaped from the East European People's Democracies to the West were under thirty and of proletarian origin. I had occasion to talk to some of these young people. Not one of them had told his parents of his intention to escape. "It would not have been right to share my responsibility—besides, my mother might have tried to dissuade me."

All of them left because of the utter hopelessness of life.

"We have no perspective" was the way several of them put it. Not because they had no jobs. On the contrary, in Communist countries, young persons can and do get well-paid, responsible positions. "But sooner or later we would be tripped up; we thought it best to get out. We love freedom and we want to live as Christians."

CATHOLICS and Protestants have stressed that the Catholic Church is the only institution one can still trust. "Catholic priests—in or out of habit—are wonderful." Their remarks about collaborating Protestant Bishops and "Catholic Peace Priests" were unprintable. "Mindszenty is a martyr, he deliberately sacrificed himself because he thought that we needed an example," one youngster told me. "But he is not the only one. There are hundreds and hundreds of unknown priests and nuns who have done the same—not in one place, but all over East Europe."

The jamming of foreign broadcasts, the sealing of all frontiers, the stoppage of correspondence with the West, the refusal to let "undesirable elements" emigrate, or deportees receive Red Cross parcels, these and many other measures intended to prevent any sign from the West of penetrating behind the Iron Curtain are proof that the Communist leaders fear the slightest contact with the outside world.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the situation is the attitude of youth—including children. Last March, in the depth of Hungary, in a muddy little village, a peasant boy, aged twelve, came home from school and asked his mother, "Mom, have you heard the latest joke about germ warfare?"

"Yes, I have heard about germ warfare," she answered cautiously.

"Mom, Johnny told me a story. A Korean boy met a germ and asked the germ to tell him from what part of America it came. 'I only speak Russian,' the germ replied. Funny, isn't it?"

Leaderless resistance is a spiritual attitude rather than a mode of action—although it leads to action. Perhaps it is best defined as a moral reaction which guides people to religion and to God, whose leadership cannot be challenged. Those whom suffering has driven to the conclusion that no earthly force can help them turn to God as their only consolation and their only source of hope. This explains why there is a religious revival behind the Iron Curtain and how leadership is supplied, despite the lack of human leaders.

JUDITH LISTOWEL, lecturer and author, started her journalistic career as the first woman editorial writer in Hungary, her native country. Countess Listowel is also the editor of an informative weekly magazine, *East Europe and Soviet Russia.*

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Emergency Baptism

If no water is available for an emergency baptism, how about substituting another liquid, such as blood?—J. F., PITTSBURGH, PA.

To administer validly the sacrament of baptism, water is essential. "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (John 3:5) By "baptism of blood," we understand martyrdom—not the use of blood as a substitute for water. In case of doubt as to whether an available liquid be classifiable as water, the sacrament should be given conditionally. If, and as soon as circumstances permit, baptism should be repeated conditionally, and with liquid that is certainly valid. The validity of material for private, emergency baptism should be decided according to common sense. Examples of valid matter for baptism are rain water, sea water, and melted snow. For baptism in the womb, sterile water would be permissible, or water with which a small amount of bichloride of mercury has been mixed.

Boycott

How about pictures, statues, and the like, of Our Blessed Mother and others, which "move"? Do such religious articles come under the type of art condemned recently by the Holy See?—T. M., BETHLEHEM, PA.

An instruction of the Holy Office, published in the official *Acts of the Apostolic See,* was issued to all the bishops of the Catholic world in June of this year, apropos of sacred art, amplifying and emphasizing anew the mind of the Church, already expressed in her Code of Law.

Although the laws of the Church refer principally and directly to religious art in connection with churches and other sacred places, we can take our cue from those norms as to what is becoming or unbecoming, regardless of the setting. Statues, pictures, and the like can be a means of edification and inspiration in a private home as well as in a church. So too, the sort of image that is a travesty on what should be can repel, or at times foster an emotional, superficial devotion or even superstition.

According to the laws of the Church, no one is permitted to place in any church, without the approval of the local bishop, any unusual image. Nor shall the bishop approve any sacred image for the public veneration of the faithful, if it be out of harmony with the approved usage of the Church. Nor may the bishop allow in a church or other sacred place, images of any kind that are doctrinally incorrect, or wanting in respectability, or that might be an occasion of dangerous error to the ignorant.

The sort of so-called religious art that you inquire about includes pictures and statues, featuring mouth, hands, and eyes that seem to move. Depending on the emotional susceptibility of persons who view such images—and their common sense—the reaction may be amusement, fright, or some religious excitement. It must be admitted that the "inventors" of such imagery are clever, but the impression made on the observer is an obvious case of optical illusion. For at least two reasons, such travesties on sacred art should be boycotted. Honest-to-goodness religion does not need artificial stimulus to devotion. Furthermore, there are only too many people, prone to superstition, who are easily taken in by humbuggery. What is harmless in the case of dolls and other nursery playthings, is absurdly out of order in the sphere of religious imagery.

Seasonably Adapted

a) When feast days like the Assumption, etc., fall on a Tuesday or Friday, should we meditate on the sorrowful mysteries of the rosary, or according to the feast day?
b) When black vestments cannot be worn on a Sunday or feast day, how does a departed soul benefit from a Mass offered for him on such a day?—G. Y., BURLINGTON, VT.

a) Usual practice—commendable for the sake of good order—recommends meditation on sacred events and mysteries during the recitation of the rosary, as follows: the joyful mysteries are assigned for Monday and Thursday; the sorrowful mysteries to Tuesday and Friday; the glorious to Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday. But it is in perfect harmony with the liturgical spirit of the Church to deviate from the ordinary procedure in order to adapt rosary meditations to important feast days. For example, if Christmas were to fall on Friday, it would be incongruous to meditate on the sorrowful mysteries: only the joyful mysteries would be seasonably adapted.

b) The ideal arrangement is that a Mass for a departed soul be offered on a day when black vestments are permitted, together with one of the several Masses especially appropriate to a soul in purgatory. However, that arrangement is not always feasible.

Depending upon the rank of a feast day, Mass in black vestments may or may not be allowed. Even funeral Masses are out of order on Sundays and on many feast days of high rank. On certain days of the Church calendar, an anniversary Mass may be offered in black vestments, although an ordinary requiem Mass may not.

Despite the ideal appropriateness of the requiem Mass for the departed, souls in purgatory do not sustain any loss of benefit if their Mass be offered "according to the color of the day." Regardless of the occurring feast day, every Mass—at least from the offertory onward—features specific prayers for the Church Suffering. Aside from that fact, the most controlling factor as to the beneficiary of a Mass is the intention of the celebrant. Hence, a Mass can be offered for a departed soul on any day whatever. If

Masses for the deceased were to be confined to those days when black vestments are usable, an impossible backlog of such intentions would accumulate. Furthermore, those who provide Masses for the souls in purgatory could not arrange for their celebration on anniversary and other preferred days.

Papal Blessing

What is meant by a papal blessing? Who can receive it? —D. A., STAMFORD, CONN.

A papal blessing—the blessing of the Vicar of Christ—can be imparted in various ways. It may be given to the world at large; to a limited group, such as a sodality or family; or to an individual. This precious benediction may be given directly and personally, or indirectly through a delegated priest. A plenary indulgence may or may not be attached to the blessing; if it is, that additional benefit is clearly indicated.

Every priest who administers the last rites of the Church to those in danger of death is not only authorized but obliged to impart the Apostolic Blessing, to which a plenary indulgence is attached, an indulgence that accrues to the recipient at the time of death. A missionary who conducts spiritual exercises, consisting of a mission, a retreat, a novena, or the like, is empowered to give the papal blessing to those who have attended the services and who fulfill the conditions requisite for gaining the attached plenary indulgence.

In the case of groups or individuals, the Holy Father concludes every audience with His papal blessing. By way of letter, or cable, or parchment scroll, His blessing can be obtained for the asking, for special occasions such as a marriage or an anniversary. The usual formula of inscription is along the following lines: "(*Name*), humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, begs the Apostolic Benediction and a Plenary Indulgence to be gained at the hour of death, on condition that, being truly sorry for his sins, even though unable to confess them and to receive the holy Viaticum, he shall at least invoke with his lips or heart the Holy Name of Jesus." This document, featuring a picture of the reigning Vicar of Christ, is dated, signed, and sealed. Arrangements to obtain a papal blessing can be made through a priest resident at Rome, or Vatican City, or through the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C., or through one's parish priest.

"Perish the Thought!"

A non-Catholic friend has a child whose deceased father was Catholic. She is bringing up the child as a Catholic. But her home in the South is thirty-five miles from the nearest Catholic church. Her problem: Would it be better to send the child to the nearest non-Catholic church —only walking distance from her home—rather than to no church at all on Sunday?—J. D., DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

Is the child the son of your non-Catholic friend by birth or by adoption? If only by adoption, your friend is to be commended for her desire to raise the boy in the Catholic Faith of his father. Of course, if your friend has been a partner to a mixed marriage within the Church, then she signed a solemn promise to educate the boy as a Catholic.

It might entail hardship, or be simply out of the question for lack of transportation, to drive the youngster thirty-five miles every Sunday to the nearest Catholic church. But it is not far-fetched to assume that in that Southern town there is at least one Catholic family that drives to Sunday church. If so, arrangements might be made with them, and the boy would have the benefit of Mass, a Catholic sermon, and Sunday school instruction. If no such arrangement is workable, the next best thing would be to interest the nearest dependable Catholic family in giving the boy lessons in Catholic Christian doctrine as regularly and as often as reasonably convenient. In due time, the child would be readied for his first Holy Communion and for Confirmation.

What your friend claims is true, as far as it goes. Were the boy to attend a non-Catholic church, he would gain some knowledge about God. But, he should have a *Catholic* knowledge of God and of the only true Church. That education he can have under Catholic auspices only. Logic, faith, and loyalty dictate that we attend only one among all but countless incompatible churches. Hence, it does not follow, as your friend alleges, that the boy would be better off attending a non-Catholic church every Sunday than no church service at all.

Church Etiquette

In greeting Church dignitaries, is it proper to kneel and kiss the ring of a prelate?—A. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.

To judge by the number of similar inquiries that come to our desk, there would seem to be room for a Catholic "Emily Post." In general, a prelate is a Church dignitary who may or may not have special authority or jurisdiction, but who has at least a distinctive rank among the clergy. Among prelates, Very Reverend and Right Reverend Monsignors are priests who have been honored by the Holy Father for outstanding service to their diocese or to the Church at large: they rate the title "Monsignor" and also robes resembling those of a bishop. A bishop or archbishop should be referred to as "Most Reverend," and if addressed directly, as "Your Excellency." (Until comparatively a few years ago, the correct salutation to a bishop was "Your Lordship," and to an archbishop, "Your Grace.")

Included among prelates are the Very Reverend Provincial Superiors and the Most Reverend Generals of religious orders of priests; also the Right Reverend Father Abbot of a monastery. Abbots are entitled to wear a ring, as well as bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and the pope. Etiquette requires that those who are subject to an abbot, bishop, or archbishop kneel—that is, genuflect—when kissing the ring. If not subject to the prelate, it suffices to kiss the ring while bowing. Regardless of jurisdiction, one should always kneel when kissing the ring of a cardinal. Just when it is advisable to observe this etiquette fully or to a modified extent depends upon circumstances, such as a Catholic country, or a church function, a religious setting in contrast with a restaurant, a railroad depot or the like.

Illogical Free Thought

A Catholic friend feels he shouldn't have to go to Mass on Sunday, as it is only a matter of Church law. He believes in God and says a rosary daily to Our Lady of Fatima. He doesn't think much of people who go to Mass and then do things they shouldn't.—A. C., SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Your friend needs to be educated from the religious kindergarten onward. The state of his conscience is not hopeless but would be more hopeful had he more regard for the ABC's of logic. It can be disastrous to feel our way as to religious obligations when we should think. Are you sure your Catholic claims or admits membership in the Church? If he believes Christ is God, how can he contemn a solemn commandment of Christ's Church—specifying the sacrifice of the Mass as the ideal way to sanctify the Lord's Day? Incidentally, what does he think of people who pray rosaries to Our Lady of Fatima and live contradictory lives? In line with your inquiry for helpful literature, we recommend "Why the Mass?" in the "Sign Post" of September, 1952; also the pamphlets, *Keep God's Day Holy*, *Christ Instituted the Mass*, and *The Mass is Life*, all obtainable from The Paulist Press, 401 West 59 St., New York 19, N. Y.

Divorced

A Catholic, duly married within the Church, was divorced. Since then, his wife died. Can he be restored to good standing in the Church?—S. C., LYONS, ILL.

From the skimpy details in your letter, it is not at all clear whether the man ever lost his good standing in the Church. Who instituted the divorce proceedings—the husband or wife? On what grounds? With a view to an attempt at remarriage? With or without the consent of Church authorities? The attitude of the Church toward divorce was outlined in the "Sign Post" of last month, under the caption "Hasten Slowly" (page 55).

To seek a divorce knowingly and without permission of the Church, or even a civil decree of separation (sometimes referred to as divorce in the wide sense) would be a serious sin. To divorce one's marriage partner for the express purpose of attaining civil freedom to remarry would be still more grave. In some dioceses of this country, the suing for civil divorce without Church approval—aside altogether from any subsequent remarriage—is a sin, the absolution for which is reserved to the bishop.

We referred to the civil remarriage of a divorced Catholic as "an attempt at remarriage," for the obvious reason that any such civil or non-Catholic religious ceremony would be futile. The Church cannot recognize it as valid. If the ceremony is officiated at by a heretical minister, any Catholic party is thereby excommunicated on that score. Another excommunication, enacted by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, is incurred automatically by a divorced Catholic who attempts a remarriage. With the above information in mind as a guide to conscience, the one in question should, if need be, have recourse to the sacrament of reconciliation.

"Money or No Money"

I have been told by my parish priest that I have solid grounds to hope for an annulment. My case is to be sent to a marriage court at Rome. But I'm nervous as to the outcome, for after much family trouble am all but penniless.—K. H., LYNN, MASS.

The following recent annual report should reassure you. It was issued by the Vatican Press Office and refers to the marriage cases considered during the past year by the Sacred Roman Rota. The Rota is the Church's supreme court for decision as to the validity of doubtful marriages. During the period reported, 184 cases were investigated; declarations of nullity were rendered in 68 instances; nearly half the cases studied were handled gratis.

Salvation

Non-Catholic co-workers often speak of an inner feeling of being saved. Recently, a Catholic fellow employee was drowned and the question arose as to whether he had been saved before he died. Is that the way we figure the prospects of salvation?—J. C., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Anyone who lives true to his conscience is entitled to peace of conscience here and now, to an attitude of hope that he is acceptable to God, and that immediately after death the Divine Judge will number him among those who, by cooperation with their Divine Saviour, have merited salvation.

However, we hope for something which we do not as yet possess. If already in possession of something, there is no need to hope for it. But salvation, that is, eternal security and reward, is not and cannot be due until the end of our probation, which continues until our last conscious, responsible moment. Hence, until that time we can but hope conscientiously that we are pleasing to the Searcher of Hearts. No mere inner feeling or hunch can actualize salvation.

It is a favorite theory of some non-Catholic Christians that, since the merits of Christ are infinite, those merits will "cloak over" all human sins somewhat in the way that a tarpaulin would cover a mound of dirty snow. Hence, they say, it is amply sufficient to believe and hope in order to be saved, for the Saviour of the world has taken care of all else. "Without faith it is impossible to please God" is emphasized out of context with and to the exclusion of "Faith without works is dead."

Retreats for Men

For a long time I have wanted to make a weekend retreat. How do I go about it? Where is the nearest Trappist monastery?—T. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Trappist monastery nearest to you is at Spencer, Mass. Simply write to the Rev. Retreat Director of whatever monastery or retreat house you have in mind, inquiring as to open dates, accommodations, travel information, etc. The retreat houses for men nearest to you are Mt. Manresa, Staten Island 5, N. Y., in charge of the Jesuit Fathers; and the Bishop Molloy Retreat House, Jamaica 3, N. Y., in charge of the Passionists. Any man, Catholic or non-Catholic, who may be interested in making a retreat, can apply for a list of retreat houses for men, located in forty-two of the states. Write to the National Catholic Laymen's Retreat Conference, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

Parental Debt

During four years in military service, I sent my savings home for safekeeping. My parents borrowed half, with a promise to pay it back. I now need the money badly for my own family and especially because of illness. Are my parents excused from an obligation of repayment?—E. M., BUTTE, MON.

If the facts in the case be as indicated in your letter, then your parents have a serious and urgent obligation to repay the debt fully and as soon as possible. True, you should not have to remind them of the loan, but under the circumstances why be squeamish? According to your present knowledge, their promise to repay was based on alleged "extra money" which they did not really expect to acquire. Furthermore, they expended your savings, not for necessities, but for luxuries. The virtue of piety dictates that an adult offspring assist his parents financially and otherwise to the extent of their need and to the extent of his ability. However, the ability of a son or daughter to assist parents is modified by an obligation to provide for his or her own family. The fact that parents incurred expense over the years in the upbringing of offspring does not entitle them to impose upon adult children by appropriating their funds. By such imposition, it is quite possible for parents to sin against their children gravely, on the score of charity and even of justice.

Eva Peron

What about the Eva Perón propaganda? The Church doesn't seem to want to touch it with a ten-foot pole.—R. C., WICHITA, KAN.

Since the death of Evita Perón, there has been calm but ample coverage in the Catholic press of this country. On the one hand, the idol of many Argentines does seem to have deserved their admiration and gratitude as a philanthropist. Señora Perón is not to be condemned because she was the wife of a dictator, nor is there any known reason why she should not have had a Catholic funeral. On the other hand, there is no likelihood that her cause as a saint to be canonized will ever progress beyond the stage of momentary excitement. Her niche will be in the capitol building at Buenos Aires.

WASHINGTON MOTHER

• Just how many interests can be fitted into the life of a Catholic mother is attractively illustrated by **Marie Gannon** of Washington, D. C. Born in New York of convert parents and educated privately and by the Religious of the Sacred Heart, she was married at nineteen to William E. Gannon, for many years business manager of the N.C.W.C. and brother of the Very Reverend Robert I. Gannon, S.J. She herself became the mother of another Jesuit, the young Father Edward Gannon, recently dispatched for study at Louvain, and of five daughters, two of them now wives and mothers themselves.

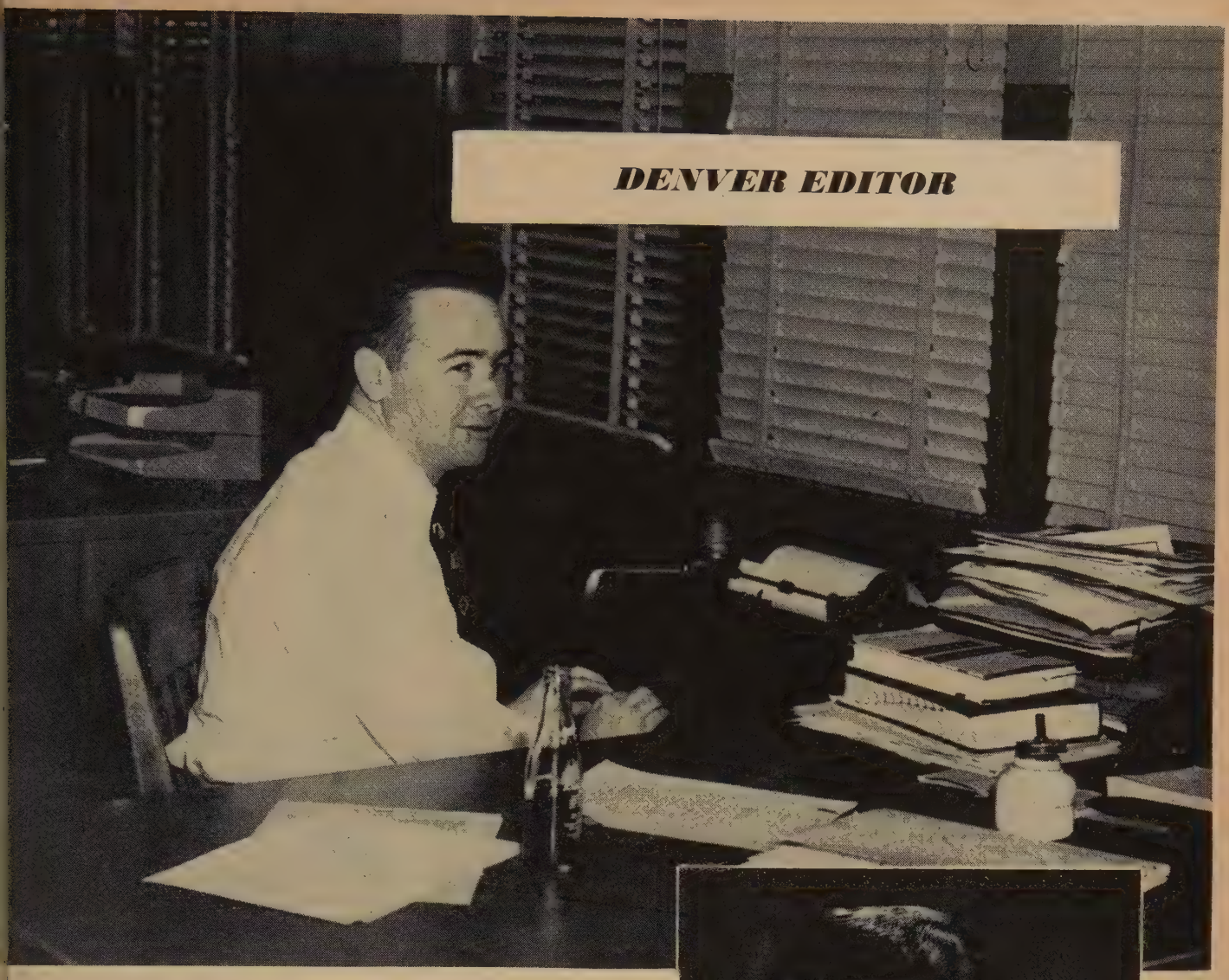
In addition to the duties involved in these relationships, Mrs. Gannon is known as an indefatigable worker in Church projects, a hostess of charm, foundress and director of the Washington Catholic Lending Library, and president of the local Sacred Heart Children of Mary. And by way of proving her business ability, she designs and manufactures tasteful uniforms for some twenty-five convent and secular schools.

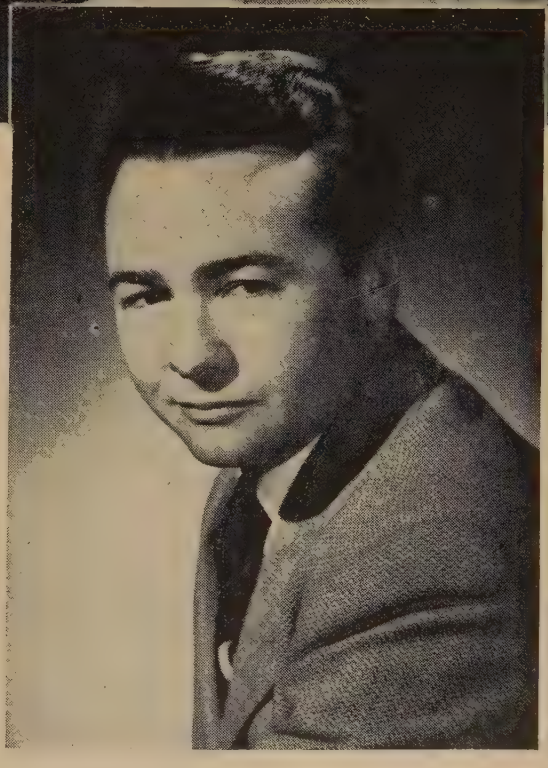
From this rich background of experience Marie Gannon has a message for the modern girl: "Hold fast to your Faith, and try to add the graciousness of yesterday's living to the honesty and industry of today."

Mrs. Marie Gannon of Washington. For the Church, a gracious servant.

People

DENVER EDITOR





● Fortunately for the Catholic Press, **Frank Morriss**, associate editor of Register system of newspapers, is a frustrated man. His ambition long has been to become an accomplished block flutist. But, although he has the flute, the desire, and a modicum of ability along that line, he is stymied by the fact that his year-and-a-half old daughter, Patricia, cries uncontrollably whenever he sits down to play.

Though frustrated with the flute, Mr. Morriss has turned his talents to the typewriter with great success. In addition to his duties on the *Register*, he finds time to write fiction for N.C.W.C. and factual articles and commentaries for leading Catholic magazines.

A graduate lawyer, Morriss, who bears a startling resemblance to film star, Lew Ayres, is the Denver editor of the Reno and Great Falls Register editions, a mainstay on the rewrite staff of the national edition.

A devotee of Chesterton and a staunch Republican, Mr. Morriss hopes one day to resume his studies with the flute. That is, when the children are old enough to be patient and long-suffering.

Frank Morriss, Associate Editor of the Register newspaper system.

College at their Fingertips

A story in pictures of Gallaudet College, the world's only college for the deaf

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

Gallaudet College has a 100-acre campus with a cluster of Victorian buildings dominated by the clock tower on top of the chapel shown here.

Here students "recite" poetry in English class. Poetry is music of deaf, since they "hear" through understanding.

Gallaudet has all types of classes, including drama. These students are rehearsing a play.

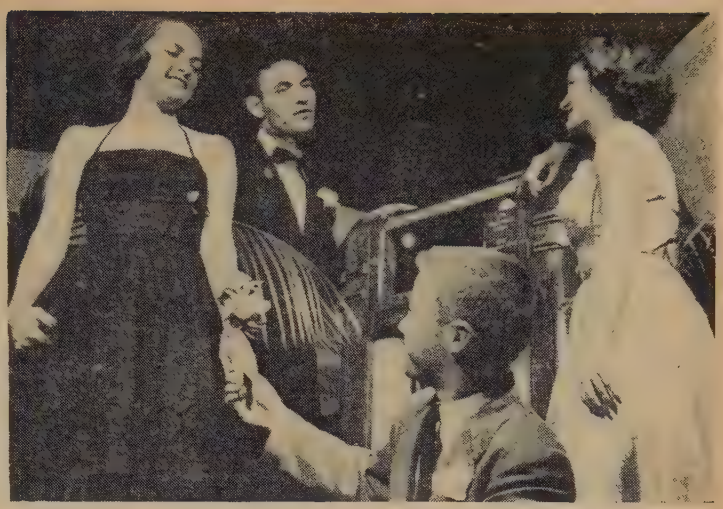
● Although the courses taught at Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C., are similar to those taught in colleges all over the world, this is a unique school in that it is the only college in the world for the deaf. Attended by over two hundred students, Gallaudet shares its 100-acre campus with the Kendall School. This is a school for deaf children from pre-school age through high school.

Like ordinary students in ordinary colleges, the students have a football team, as well as other athletic teams; they put on theatrical shows and attend dances. The only difference between their activities and those at other schools is that theirs are done in silence, since most of the students are also mutes.

The college was founded in 1864 as the National Deaf-Mute College by an Act of Congress, and the name was changed to Gallaudet College in honor of the man who started the first free public school for the deaf in this country, the Reverend Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

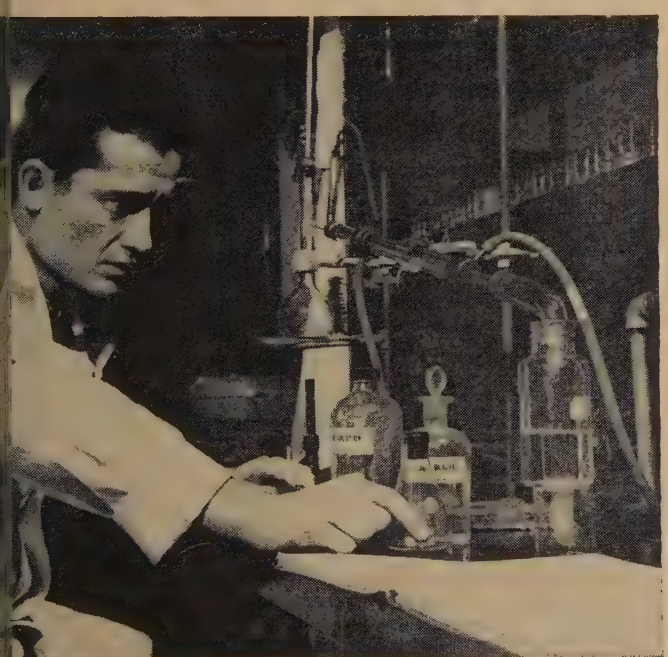
Being the only college of its kind in the world, Gallaudet attracts students from many countries. However, the majority of the students are graduates of American state schools for the deaf selected through competitive examinations.

Deaf people need a special school, for, unlike other handicapped people, they can get nothing from lectures or discussions and must depend on sign language for the majority of their communications. Even those adept at the art of lip reading experience difficulty in understanding a speaker, since many sounds look alike and others have no actual lip formation. When guest lecturers give instruction, the talks are translated into sign language by a regular professor.



At dances, students "hear" music through their feet.

Classes in social studies discuss problems of deaf.



The deaf make very good chemists because of ability to concentrate on analytical problems.

The college features a special course in printing, as many deaf people are engaged in this business.

Cheerleader directs singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" without a sound uttered.

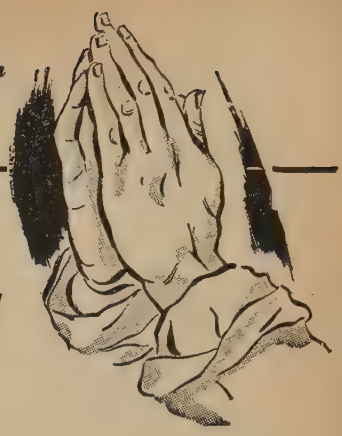
Students use sign language for communication. Use of reading alone has been abandoned, as many sounds look alike.

The college has various sports. Here the football team is seen in a huddle, using sign language for signals.

Campus statue of Thomas Gallaudet, a clergyman who started first public school for deaf.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

Located in Washington, D. C., Gallaudet was founded in 1864 as the National Deaf-Mute College, with the name later changed to honor the man who founded first free public school for deaf, Thomas Gallaudet



The Mysteries of the Rosary

by GERALD VANN, O.P.

THERE seems to be today, in the life of the Church, a greater emphasis than ever before on the figure of Our Lady and on the part she plays in man's redeeming. Lourdes and Fatima have their millions of pilgrims; the doctrine of the Assumption is proclaimed by the Pope; a new impetus is given to the preaching and praying of the Rosary. There are Catholic thinkers who see in these and other things a sign that we are approaching what they call the "age of Mary": an age in which her importance in the world and her influence on it will be greater than ever before.

What would such an age mean for us as individuals and how ought we to prepare for it? There has never before been so much knowledge in the world. Yet it seems true that there has seldom been so little wisdom. We have the knowledge needed to make the atom bomb; have we enough wisdom to ensure that it will never be used? Science tells us *how* things are made or done; wisdom is concerned with *what,* in the deepest sense, things are and *why.*

How is it to be acquired? All the wise men tell us: only through stillness and inwardness; by not merely learning about things, but learning things, deep down in the mind and the heart. Our Lord told His disciples that it was expedient for them that He should go, for otherwise the Paraclete, the Spirit, could not come to them. He was telling them that, since all His work in the world was done in and through His humanity, He could only tell them *about* the truth, as one man can tell another. But when His work was consummated on the Cross and in the Resurrection, then He could send the Spirit to dwell *within* them, the Spirit to whom we pray to instruct our *hearts.* And it was that inner wisdom they needed to transform them from timid men, fearful of preaching what they had heard, to fearless apostles proclaiming to the whole world the truth that was in them.

Of that inner wisdom Mary is the great human symbol: "Mary kept these words in her heart," we are told in the Gospels. The Church applies to her the praise of wisdom in the Old Testament; the Litany invokes her as Seat of Wisdom. In a world, then, which is all too likely to destroy itself for lack of wisdom, it is natural that men should turn to her.

But hers is a special wisdom: the wisdom of a mother. One of her greatest glories, one of the loveliest aspects of her vocation, is the revealing to us in her own person the mystery of the "motherhood of God." Our Lord teaches us to think and speak of God as our Father; but that is not intended to exclude the more tender qualities—sympathy, gentleness, understanding—which we associate in our human experience with motherhood. On the contrary, is it not Our Lord Himself who bids us think of Him as the hen trying to gather her chickens under her wing?

A TRUE mother understands her children in a way no one else can, in a way the father cannot; she understands them through her body; they are always part of her. And so she has, literally, a sympathy, a co-suffering with them that nothing can quench; and if they fall into evil and squalor she is not shocked or surprised or uncomprehending, for she knows.

And this aspect of God's love is again something we particularly need to know and understand in these days when there is so much evil, so much hatred and cruelty and squalor in the world. We need to know redemption, not as an abstract mystery we have heard about, but as a living reality known and treasured in our hearts—the reality of God in His mercy coming down into our squalors and miseries, so as to search for us and save us there.

REV. GERALD VANN, English Dominican, author of many books, is one of the greatest living writers on spiritual subjects. The present article is the first of a series on the mysteries of the Rosary.

But there is a third thing. To fulfill her vocation as the Mother of God, Mary needed not only to be wise and tender, but also to be brave and strong. She needed courage to face without flinching the seven swords; she needed strength to support and comfort her Son, to help Him to fulfill to the end His own vocation on Calvary.

In the stillness of her meeting with Him on His way through the streets of the city, in the strength which enables her to stand rigid beside Him as he hangs on the Cross, she gives us the final picture of the agony and glory of motherhood.

SHE gives us also a lesson for ourselves. If we are to prepare for the age of Mary it is not only by trying to understand her, and through her to understand God better and more deeply than before. The work of redemption, in this as in all other moments of the history of the world is something in which all Christians have been called to share.

As, then, in thinking of the different mysteries of the Rosary, we relive the various steps in her life's story, we should pray to be given some small share in the qualities that made them possible, some small share in her wisdom, her tenderness, her courage, her strength. For only so shall we be able to play the part we ought in God's recreating of what looks so like a dying world.

And then for the world as a whole we should pray that the same grace be given; pray that Mary, the wise, the tender, the strong—Seat of Wisdom, Comfort of the Afflicted, Tower of David—may lead the world back to that stillness and inwardness in which alone wisdom is possible; so that in spite of all the sin and weakness, the stupidity and squalor, men may learn once again how to be wise, and knowledge therefore may be controlled and evil be overcome, and God may be able in His mercy to recreate the face of the earth.

Wandering alone into the past, the Old Man found words that had to be said and courage to say them

DAY OF A

STOOPED, gaunt, hollow-eyed, the Old Man stood on the front porch of the big white house in the warm morning sunshine, his thin, blue-veined hands braced against the white wooden railing. Watching the falling brown leaves of a big elm twist toward the ground, he thought unhappily, "There's going to be a change in the weather."

There were not many days, good or bad, left for him, and he knew it. He was not well anymore; he always felt tired. For a long time, so it seemed to him, he had not been able to get around much. In fact, he had not wanted to go any place for a long time.

Frowning, he lifted a hand and smoothed down the long white beard, which he somehow managed to keep spotlessly clean. He thought a little sadly, "This may be the last fine fall day of the year."

Then he remembered that this was the day when his family was going to leave him alone. It had been a long time since he had had a day to himself, and he thought, "Today, I ought to do something."

He stared at the big red barns and the two concrete silos, dazzling white in the sunlight. He thought, "Today will likely be my last chance to walk the old trails for a long time. Maybe, forever."

The bright ring of the telephone cut across his thinking, and he heard his granddaughter say, "I'll get it, Mother," and his smile deepened. All week, Johanna had been running to answer the phone, hoping in her heart that it would be Cal Tracy calling.

The Old Man listened to the click of her quick steps along the hall and hoped that this time Cal had called. Of all his family, Johanna was his favorite, and she was in love with Cal, and Cal was right for her, as the Old Man himself had been right for her grandmother, Ann, many, many long years ago. Johanna at twenty was so much like Ann had been at twenty that, looking at the girl, the Old Man sometimes believed that Ann had come back to look after him. But, of course, such thinking was childish.

"Hello," he heard the girl say, her voice warm and clear. But when she next spoke, he knew that Cal Tracy had not phoned. "Just a moment," the girl said, her voice lifeless. Then, loudly, "Tommy, it's for you."

Feeling unhappy for her, the Old Man listened to young Tommy's shuffling steps. "Hi," Tommy said. "Oh, Hello, Biff. . . . I don't know. I'll have to ask Dad. Hold on a minute, and . . ."

The door opened behind the Old Man, and Johanna said, "Are you enjoying the sun this morning, Grandpa?"

He turned stiffly to let his eyes rest on

OMPLISHMENT

by FRANK BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK KALAN

er. She was a startlingly pretty girl ith finely drawn features and a lovely iceness of lines in the rounded curves her slender body. She was looking eyond him toward the crowded high-ay, and he knew that she did not really kpect an answer from him. That was ne of the things about being old: hen the young spoke to you, it seldom ade any real difference whether or not ou spoke in return.

"Mom," Tommy was saying inside ie house, "do you suppose Dad would t me have the car tonight?"

"You'll have to ask him," Emma nswered in a tired voice.

Johanna had stepped down into the ig yard, and the sun tangled with her ppery hair, giving it an intensely ive look. Watching her, the Old Man ought, "She's too young and pretty to e unhappy like this. I've got to have a lk with Cal Tracy."

The Old Man shifted his position a little to put himself more fully in the sun and relit his clay pipe with thin, unsteady hands. He saw John Dodge, his son-in-law, coming toward the house from the cattle barn and thought with satisfaction how John was good for the land and how the land had been good to John.

A bewildered young man in his twenties, John Dodge had come from the city which he hated, to work for the Old Man during the harvest season. They had found a mutual liking and respect for each other, and the Old Man had kept the young man on at the farm by letting him work forty acres, rent free. Three years later, with money in the bank and a team and a plow of his own and a new belief in his own worth, John had married Emma, the Old Man's only living child; and as time passed, the younger man had gradually taken over the management of the entire place, which was as it should be.

At fifty, John Dodge was a tall, quick-moving man who had found success and a great contentment in life. "How're you feeling this morning, Tom?" he asked the Old Man; and looking at him thought sadly, "He's failed fast this year. He won't be with us much longer."

"A mite stiff in the joints," the Old Man answered.

Emma came to the doorway and asked, "John, aren't you ready to go?"

John nodded and swept his big hat from his graying hair. "As soon as I wash up and get some other clothes."

Emma stepped out on the porch. A small, thin woman who had aged herself by working too hard, she was dressed in the black silk dress which she had made especially to wear to the fair.

"Pa," she said, touching his arm to make sure of his attention, "your lunch is on the kitchen table. Sandwiches all made. Cake cut. Coffee in the thermos. You won't have to do a thing."

"I'll get along all right," he said.

"Dad," young Tommy asked from the doorway, "could I have the car this evening? Biff phoned, and . . . "

"No," John Dodge said shortly.

The Old Man turned so that he could see Tommy's face. At sixteen, he was a tall, gangling, heavy-footed boy, a junior in high school. A slow flush came into his fair cheeks, and he shoved his hands in a baffled, angry gesture deep into the pockets of his tan slacks.

"Why not?" he asked.

John Dodge frowned and fumbled for his pipe. He was not quite sure in his own mind why he did not let Tommy have the car. Certainly, the boy was reliable and drove well enough, but he was the baby of the family.

Still frowning, he held a match to his pipe. "You wait another year," he said. "Then, maybe, you can have a car of your own."

"I'd be careful," the boy said.

John shook his head and went into the house to change clothes.

The Old Man turned back to face the warm sunshine. The trouble between father and son worried him.

Standing there, he thought back through the years to his own son, Mark, who had been dead so long that his memory was little more than a vague shadow in an old man's mind. Frowning, puffing at his pipe, he tried to think why this trouble over the car always made him think of Mark. But as always, the answer evaded him, and suddenly the whole thing was forgotten as Preston Ball's sleek convertible came up the drive from the highway.

A handsome, well-dressed man in his early twenties, Preston leaped to the ground. "Hello, beautiful," he called to Johanna.

Preston had always had too much of his father's money to spend. He had had too much of everything. He stood beside Johanna, looking at her in a way the Old Man did not like; and Johanna lifted her bright head and smiled up at him and let him touch her clean bare arms with his soft, white fingers.

John, Emma, and Tommy came out of the house, carrying baskets of food; and Johanna called, "I'm going on with Preston."

The Old Man saw Emma's eyes narrow a trifle and a frown came to John's face, but neither spoke against Johanna's going with Preston. After all, the girl was twenty. She was teaching school in town and earning her own money. Her life was hers now to build up or tear down, and they all knew it.

"Hi, Preston," Tommy said, eyes fixed longingly on the car.

"Hi, fullback," Preston returned. "You going to win the game against Central High next week?"

"Sure," Tommy said. Then, enviously, as Preston swung the convertible around and drove into the highway, "The lucky stiff!"

John Dodge's frown deepened.

"Pa," Emma said, "don't go wandering off someplace."

"Don't worry about me," the Old Man said, knowing that Emma was remembering how a time or two, he had wandered away from the place and had become hopelessly lost.

Strange that a man would lose his way in a place where he'd lived almost seventy years, but when you're crowding ninety, you sometimes become confused. You find things changed from the way you remember them.

"Let's go," John said shortly.

A moment later, the Old Man was alone.

His eyes turned again to the bright trees that marked the course of the winding river. It had been months, perhaps years—time was an elusive thing to him anymore—since he had visited the old home which he and Ann had carved out of a wilderness of trees and brush. And there was the old church. And the cemetery. Feeling an inner excitement, he hobbled into the house.

It was a fine, big house which he and John Dodge had built together twenty years before. Sometime within the last few years, the Old Man wasn't exactly sure when, John and Emma had installed electricity, bottled gas, and running water, and the Old Man paused a moment to turn on and off the front-room lights. A marvelous thing, electricity, and he seldom passed a light switch without flicking it on and off.

He went into the back bedroom, which was his own, and stood looking about at the old furniture which he and Ann had bought many years ago. Then his gaze turned to Ann's picture hung between the two north windows.

The picture was old and faded, but Ann's smile was still warm and sweet. And looking at it, he thought of Johanna, who was so much like Ann. Sometimes, in his mind, Johanna was Ann, and Ann was Johanna; and at

It had been a long time since he had worn his best suit

s moment, it seemed that Ann was ong the living, warm and laughing l lovely and bright-eyed. He felt his itement grow, and the years since n's death no longer existed for him. Turning to the mirror, it occurred him that he was not dressed suitly for a man who was about to call on the woman he loved, so he slipped t of his faded overalls and blue shirt, nt over to the closet and dug out old black suit. It had been a long he since he had worn his best suit. t since Lige Berry's funeral, which d taken place sometime in the dim st. And then he thought how foolish was to wear the black suit, for Ann s dead, and he would likely see no e, unless he happened to meet Cal acy, and it made no difference anyre how he dressed. But he put on suit, anyway, and donned a yelved white shirt that had been stuck ay so long that he had difficulty usting his hands through the stiff ffs.

Since he expected to be gone quite hile, he stuffed a few sandwiches into coat pockets. He hurried out of the use, carefully climbed down the porch ps—an old man had to be careful out steps—and walked stiffly toward e red barns.

Coming to the hard-packed earth beeen the cattle barn and the machine d, he leaned on his stick and gazed the neat row of tractors and power chinery. Not a horse on the place, thought, and he wasn't sure he liked s farming without horses. Give a n a few good teams, or some stout en, and . . .

The thought escaped him, and he nt on to the pasture gate, got it en, went through and closed it carely. He came to a corner of a field browning alfalfa and recalled that s was the first land he had cleared d broken. He stopped at a tumble stones and remembered that here had dug his first well. Or was it up the road a ways? And then he me to the old road and stood by the re fence for a time, resting, staring the weeds and grass which grew beeen the ruts.

The fence gave him some trouble, t he maanged to get through without agging his clothes. He picked up his kory stick, straightened his bent ck, and hobbled on.

At last, he turned a sharp corner d saw his and Ann's first home, a o-roomed log cabin, now roofless, nding in a weedy clearing among l trees. He crossed through the dead eds and sat down on the edge of the oken porch.

For a long time, he sat with his back ainst the rough log wall, letting the

FRANK BENNETT wrote short stories as a hobby while teaching music in Nebraska. Reversing the process, he now makes music his hobby and writes professionally. His short stories have appeared in many well-known magazines.

past crowd into his thinking. He and Ann had come here from Ohio in a covered wagon. They had chosen this site for building because of the good straight trees which stood ready to be cut and notched for the walls of the house. He remembered how they had hauled stones from the river bluff for the fireplace. He thought of the wind and the sun in Ann's bright hair, of her laughter and of the courage in her eyes, and of the erect way she had carried her slim shoulders. He suddenly felt very lonely and sad.

After that, perhaps he dozed a little and dreamed, for he could hear Ann's quick steps inside the cabin and could smell the wood smoke from the fireplace, which had never drawn well. Then he heard her calling, "Dinner's ready, Tom," and he felt young and strong. But when he got to his feet, he was old again and very tired. He stood for a time, leaning on his cane and staring at the doorless doorway and the glassless windows and the cracks between the weathered logs. He smiled and shook his head. It had never been a very comfortable home, but they had been young and had not minded discomfort. He sat back down on the porch, dug the sandwiches from his pockets and ate.

A SQUIRREL hopped across the road, and suddenly he was remembering Mark, his and Ann's first child, and there came to him with startling clearness the thing about Mark which he had been trying to remember. Frowning, he stood up and brushed the dust from his clothes. He must hold on to this memory, he told himself, and not let it escape him again. The first good chance he had, he would tell John Dodge about the fall when Mark was fourteen and had wanted, more than anything else, a gun of his own for hunting squirrels.

Now, so it seemed to the Old Man, he had been here long enough and it was time to move on. He stumbled to the road and followed it on toward the river. Presently he came into the open country where the old church stood against the blue sky. He stopped at the well and pumped himself a drink. Wiping the clinging drops from his white beard, he faced the unpainted, windowless building, remembering back; but the memories were confused, and he had no time now to straighten them out. He waded through the tall brown grass into the cemetery beside the church, and after a moment's search, found what he was looking for: a white marble slab which marked Ann's grave.

The Old Man ran his thin fingers over the cool, smooth stone, remembering heartache and tears and deep loss. He glanced down at a smaller stone which marked his son's grave. Mark had died of a strange fever that had swept the countryside. Eight years later, Emma had been born.

There was something else he had intended to do here, and he sat down to think what it was.

He was still sitting there when Cal Tracy, driving along the old road in his truck, saw him and stopped.

"Hello, Grandpa," Cal said, shaking him gently.

The Old Man lifted his eyes to the lean, friendly face of the wide-shouldered young man, and his mind came swinging back to the present.

"Didn't suppose I'd see you here, boy," he said.

But, of course, he had known that Cal would come past the old church on his way to look after the calves. That was the main reason he had come here. True, he had wanted to visit the cemetery before the weather turned bad—but Cal and Johanna . . . Sometimes you could help youngsters like them if you knew the right thing to say.

"What are you doing so far away from home?" Cal asked, smiling with his wide mouth, but frowning about his warm, brown eyes.

"I ain't so far away from home," the Old Man answered, thinking not of the big house, but of the log cabin.

But Cal was thinking of the big house two miles away, and the worry in his eyes deepened. "Where's John and Emma?" he asked.

"Them and Tommy went to the fair in town."

"Where's—" Cal was about to ask where Johanna was, but checked himself, "Better let me give you a lift home, Grandpa," he said.

Willingly, the Old Man let Cal lead him to the truck and help him up to the seat.

Still looking worried, Cal climbed in and started the engine. "How come you're all dressed up, Grandpa?" he asked.

The Old Man braced himself against the jolting of the truck. "Always dress up for a Sunday morning walk," he answered.

Cal considered that a moment in silence. "I suppose all your folks went to the fair?" he murmured, still thinking of Johanna.

They were fast approaching the old log cabin, and the Old Man missed the question.

"Ann and I built that house almost seventy years ago," he said. "Mark was born there. He wanted a gun. You don't remember him, I guess."

"No," Cal said. "He died a long time before I was born."

"That's so," the Old Man nodded. "He looked a lot like his mother. Fair and blue-eyed. Emma took after me. But Johanna takes after Ann." And then he remembered why he had wanted to see Cal. "Preston Ball," he said, "took Johanna some place in that new fancy car of his."

"Who's to blame for this trouble between you and her?" the Old Man asked when Cal didn't respond.

Cal looked startled, and then a slow red came into his cheeks. He shrugged his big shoulders and concentrated on the road ahead.

"Both of us, maybe," he said at last. "I said something about if we got married at Christmas time, she could resign from her teaching job. And she said, no, she would keep on until spring, that we could use the money, and—shucks, Grandpa, it all sounds kind of silly when I try to tell it. I said I didn't need her to make money for me, and she said maybe I didn't need her at all. And, well . . . "

"Ever' time the phone rings," the Old Man murmured, "she runs to answer it. Guess she thinks it's you calling her."

They were riding smoothly on the concrete highway before Cal spoke. "Guess she could phone me anytime she wanted to," he said.

"She's like her grandmother was," the Old Man said. "A lot of pride in her makeup, boy."

"A man has his pride, too," Cal said.

Suddenly the Old Man was extremely tired. He felt the truck swerve, and opening his eyes, saw that they were approaching the big white house.

"Cal," he said worriedly. "I ain't supposed to go out alone."

"Don't worry," Cal grinned. "I won't tell on you."

That was Cal for you. You could always count on him to—the Old Man frowned. He had something more to say to Cal, but he wasn't exactly sure how to say it. That was the trouble with being old, you found it hard to talk to the young.

"Boy," he said, "in my day, when a man wanted a woman, he got busy. If I was you, I'd phone Johanna this evening."

"What'd be the use?" Cal muttered. "She'd be out with Preston."

The Old Man thought that over carefully. "No," he said at last. "She'll be sticking close to the phone like she has been ever' evening, thinking you'll call her."

"If I thought . . . " Cal's voice was suddenly husky.

"Try it and see," the Old Man said.

He stood in the yard until Cal's truck turned into the highway, and then hobbled up on the porch and into the front room. He switched the lights on and off and marveled at the wonder of electricity. He went into the kitchen, poured a cup of steaming coffee from the thermos bottle, and helped himself to a slice of cake.

In the back bedroom, he climbed out of his old suit and hung it carefully in the closet. He took off his yellowed white shirt, folded it neatly and buried it in a dresser drawer where Emma was least likely to discover that it had been worn. He put on his old clothes and then lay down on the bed to rest and to dream of Ann and of the old cabin and of the bright leaves on the trees.

He was dozing when Emma called him to supper. He stepped into the bathroom to comb his beard and wash his face and then went into the kitchen and took his place at the table.

"He looks tired," John Dodge thought worriedly. "Good thing we didn't take him with us."

"What have you been doing all day, Pa?" Emma asked, but the Old Man pretended to miss her question.

HE looked about at his family. John Dodge, busy with his eating. Emma, looking tired and worried and older than she had a right to look. Johanna, toying with her food and sitting on the edge of her chair as if she were about to jump up and run away. Young Tommy, a sullen, angry expression in his blue eyes.

"The boy's bad hurt," the Old Man thought unhappily.

Tommy was the first to finish eating. He folded his napkin, muttered, "Excuse me," got up and shuffled out.

The Old Man laid his fork down and frowned as he searched his mind for the story he wanted to tell. He said at last, breaking the heavy silence, "The fall Mark was fourteen, he wanted a gun."

He glanced about. His family was watching him, listening with polite attention, humoring an old man who liked to talk of the past.

"No good reason why I shouldn't have given him a gun," the Old Man went on. "The boy was steady and trustworthy. He'd done a man's work all summer. But somehow I couldn't make up my mind to give him a gun. Guess I couldn't believe he was man enough for a gun of his own. I said, 'Mark, you wait another year, then maybe I'll give you a gun.'

"The boy died along toward Christmas time that year."

"If I had it to do over again," the Old Man said, "I'd buy Mark the best gun I could afford. Not just so's he could have a gun, but to show him I knew he was man enough to own one."

No one said anything; and the Old Man sighed, thinking, "Maybe I didn't tell it very well."

He said, "Some things oughtn't to be put off, John."

Frowning, John Dodge found his pipe and filled it carefully. But he was a long time in getting around to lighting it. He said, "I know it, Tom. I know, but . . . " He laid the charred matchstick in a saucer.

Emma began to clear the table. "I worried all day about you, Pa," she said, "and I almost . . . "

The telephone rang shrilly, and Johanna leaped to her feet and ran into the hall to answer it.

"Hello," the Old Man heard her say. "Oh, Cal . . . "

"Why," Emma said, her eyes brightening, "that must be Cal Tracy!"

John Dodge smiled and squared his shoulders in a way that told he had suddenly made up his mind about something. He shoved to his feet and strode to the foot of the stairs in that quick-moving way of his.

"Tommy," he called, "you think you could be careful with the car if I let you have it tonight?"

Tommy's answer was a wild, happy hoot, followed by a rush of footsteps down the stairs.

Smiling, the Old Man hobbled into the front room, switched the lights on and off, and then went out on the front porch for a last look at the day.

Stooped, gaunt, suddenly lonely, he stood in the gathering darkness with his thin hands braced against the railing, this last fine day of autumn forgotten as memories of the past crowded into his mind. He heard quick, light steps approaching and turned to see Ann standing in the doorway, smiling at him, and his loneliness vanished.

She was very young and lovely, with the lights shining through her bright hair; and he thought, "Someday, Ann, I'll build a fine white house for you on a hill, and we'll move out of this drafty old log cabin."

But it was not Ann who spoke to him from the doorway.

"Grandpa," Johanna cried, "guess what? Cal's coming over to see me this evening!"

"Cal?" he said, puzzled, trying to think who Cal was. "Oh," he said, remembering and feeling pleased. "Cal Tracy."

"Of course," she said. "There isn't any other Cal."

And in her happiness, the girl, who was so much like the Ann of his memories, laughed softly and brushed the Old Man's whiskered cheek with her young, warm lips.

The Turks' determination to protect their democracy made it only natural for them to join the Atlantic Defense Community

by ROBERT MEYER

Wide World
Fuad Koprulu

TURKEY— NATO'S Strong Right Arm

is an undisputed military maxim hat a line of defense is only as strong s flanks. Since that is so, it is good e able to report that the right flank he Western defense line—the line runs from the North Cape through nany and Central Europe to the ent lands of the Middle East—is he strong and capable hands of the ks, the miracle people of the modern d who have traveled the hard road despotism to democracy in hardly e than twenty years.

hat doesn't mean that the Middle is safe for the democracies. Much ains to be done to shore up the ntial strength of the Arab world re we can be certain that the oil, eral, and agricultural wealth and egic bases of the Middle East will fall like ripe plums into Moscow's dy hands. But it does signify that n will have to beat a tough oppo- before he can break through to the ern shore of the Mediterranean.

Turks have been fighting the ians on and off—mostly on—for four dred years and during that entire od of time, although they've some- s bent, they've never broken. And Turks of today are even tougher their fathers because they're no er handicapped by the unwilling e empire they held in the past, nor he necessity of fighting on behalf corrupt and tyrannical sultanate h oppressed its own people as h as those it conquered. Thanks to ial Ataturk, the father of modern key, the succession of enlightened democratic leaders who followed and govern the country today, and own sterling qualities, today's ks are strong, freedom-loving, and rageous. They don't blink an eye he Russian danger right across their border and, while they'd much prefer to continue their democratic development in peace, they have no objection to war, if that's what the Russians want.

The sturdy, sensible realism of the Turks and their almost American way of looking at the clouded international horizon is well exemplified by Professor Fuad Koprulu, the foreign minister, who told me that "it does not suffice to love peace and justice in order to see them triumph."

Professor Koprulu believes that the position of Turkey today, as a proud member of the NATO line-up and a pillar of the Western defense system against Red encroachment, is the logical culmination of the policies established by Ataturk following the Ottoman Empire's defeat in the 1914-1918 war. The first result of that defeat, and the subsequent victory of the Turks in the war against Greece which followed, was the liquidation of the old Empire. Instead of a heterogeneous collection of peoples and territories all owing slavish allegiance to the Sublime Porte and hating each other as well as their masters, there was left one strong, national state with a homogeneous people who live on territory that is ethnically theirs.

This new situation, Professor Koprulu said, "called for an entirely new policy. Ataturk soon found that policy, thanks to his penetrating foresight and his realism.

"It consisted in definitely abandoning the idea of reconstituting the Ottoman Empire and in directing all the efforts of the country to the achievement of these aims: First, to ensure the development of the country in the broadest sense of that term and, second, to ensure to the country an international position which would reinforce its security through the promotion of friendship and understanding, and through the conclusion of arrangements with foreign countries based on the principle of mutual respect for the independence and territorial integrity of all countries."

This determination to drop the imperialist role of the old Empire allowed the Turks to devote their talents and their energy to the exploitation of their own resources and thus to begin the slow job of raising the living standards of their own long-suffering and hard-working people.

KEMAL Ataturk's greatest contribution to his people was his unflagging confidence that their primitive culture and standard of life was the result of being bled white for centuries to maintain the decadent sultans and not the result, as had been claimed, of an inherent Turkish inability to do anything but fight. Ataturk believed and preached that all the Turks needed, to demonstrate their native ingenuity in trade, commerce, and agriculture, was political freedom—in a word, democracy—and the advantage of the same technological improvements that exist in the Western world. He persuaded his people to break with their unfortunate past, adopt modern dress and speech and set the technical advances of the United States and Europe as their goals. They repaid his faith by their eager and increasingly competent use of the new tools. Today Turkey is well on the road to a better life.

Many observers thought that Ataturk's reforms would hardly outlive their creator. That they were fundamentally accepted by the Turkish people is proved by the fact that they have lasted, and indeed have even gone

forward, long after his death, and have weathered the democratic eclipse of Ataturk's own political party at the polls and the coming to power of its opponents, the Democrats.

As Professor Koprulu said, referring to the basic foreign policy established by Ataturk, "the Turkish government . . . anxious never to deviate from the logic of past and present events, remains today strictly attached to the fundamental principles."

Asked how the Turkish government visualizes the task of implementing its basic foreign policy, the foreign minister said that he and his colleagues work on the realistic basis of finding the facts through a strictly objective analysis of the world situation and then spare neither effort nor necessary sacrifice in order to put into effect whatever measures are called for by the conclusions drawn from that analysis.

Continuing, Professor Koprulu said, "There is one fact which cannot be overlooked. It is that the free and democratic countries are faced with a threat to their existence. This threat is such that no free country can afford the illusion that it will be spared."

Hence, the Turkish foreign minister added, his government has come to four quite definite conclusions relating to its duty to the Turkish people and their friends throughout the world.

First, Professor Koprulu said in detailing these conclusions, "it is essential to raise the military potential of the country to its maximum through making all the necessary sacrifices so that it will be able to defend—alone if necessary—its independence and its territorial integrity with a maximum chance for success."

The second Turkish conclusion is that "it is essential to work determinedly for the development of the system of collective security and mutual aid among the free countries in order to discourage—so far as it is possible—the eventual aggressor from launching an armed attack, and to increase the defensive potential of the free world so that it will be able to resist and repel it if aggression comes. In fact this is equivalent to increasing the defensive power of Turkey itself."

Third, it is right to "work at the same time—through international collaboration—for strengthening the peaceful institutions of the world in order to outlaw war and, in order to promote moral and material welfare, to remain firmly attached to the Charter of the United Nations."

KOPRULU'S fourth conclusion was a corollary of the third: "To follow toward the governments whose actions constitute a threat to the peace a policy of patient good-will but one of realism in order to miss no opportunity to induce them to change their policies, which are even contrary to the best interests of their own countries, into policies in conformity with the principles of the Charter of the UN which provide us the only path leading to disarmament."

He went on to say that the question of whether or not the peace can be maintained "between the Communist countries and those of the free world, each side preserving its own way of life, can be discussed interminably. But there is one indisputable fact for the Turkish government: in the present circumstances the only alternative which remains for the free countries is to increase their military potential to the level of those countries whose governments have aggressive aims."

That is why Turkey, a poor country but one that is trying to do its best to stamp out disease and poverty, has accepted a huge military budget without a murmur. Of course, Turkey receives much highly valued American aid; otherwise the burden of maintaining a streamlined army of 500,000 well-armed and trained fighting men, with well organized reserves in back of them would be intolerable for an agricultural nation of only 20,000,000. Nevertheless the Turks like to pay their own way and devote almost half of their yearly budget to military expenditures. They are also self-denying enough to raise all but 10 per cent of their budget requirements from current taxation instead of mortgaging the uncertain future.

As Professor Koprulu pointed out, "For a country such as Turkey which desires no more than to disarm so that it can devote all its resources to its development, it is naturally sad to have to resort to arming. It is for Turkey a moral and material sacrifice of which it feels the whole weight. But Turkey's realism which prevents it from being lured by empty statements . . . leaves it no alternative."

Such a policy as he outlined, Professor Koprulu maintained, would have led Turkey to promote an international arrangement equivalent to the North

United Press

The deceased Kemal Ataturk, called father of modern Turkey

United Press

United States is helping to train Turkish Army. Here an American officer discusses tank problem with Turkish officer

antic Treaty Organization if that ance had not already been in existce. So, he explained, it was natural Turkey to seek membership in TO.

Turkey's geographical position, the eign minister explained, makes it natural anchor of the southeastern ng of the Atlantic Community; its litical and social concepts make it natural ideological partner of the ner members of this Atlantic Comnity. Turkey is therefore proud of r NATO membership and "will be earnest and active member of that iance for peace and solidarity" if r no other reason than because Anra is conscious that her own best terests are identical with those of her nerican ally and partner.

The Turkish foreign minister also els that NATO offers great promise r the future in the field of cultural d economic relations between the ember countries and that the present- y emphasis on military aspects, ompted by the extremely bad world uation, will recede into the backound in better times.

And he emphatically rejects the viet contention that NATO offers oof of the aggressive nature of the estern alliance. NATO, he said, was eated solely to answer Communist gression. If that aggression were not positive fact NATO would not be in istence today. Just as forcefully he oh-poohed the timorous accusation ich is sometimes made by European eutralists" that NATO serves as a red g to a bull and may provoke the viet attack it is designed to prevent.

American military personnel in nkara, attached to the mission which helping to train the Turkish Army the latest methods of modern mili- y science, are enthusiastic in their aluation of the rugged fighting men Anatolia and Eastern Thrace. They int to the record of the fearless Turk- Brigade in Korea—a record which rned the Turks unstinted praise from e late General Walton Walker and pm General MacArthur as well.

"These Turks are afraid of nothing," American major told me. "Neither e reputation of the Russians nor the seness of the Red Army bothers them r a minute. They have supreme conence in their ability to defend themves no matter what the odds they're lled on to face. Our job is to give em the equipment and skill to make eir unmatched morale even more ective."

While the Turks are grateful for all e help we can give them, they are not king such help a *quid pro quo* for eir co-operation as our allies. Prossor Koprulu pointed out that Turkey was devoting a huge proportion of its public funds for the common defense of the free world, despite the fact that his country needed those funds for its internal development because there are so many plants and projects to be built and undertaken before the Turkish living standard matches the people's needs.

"The weight of this sacrifice is being felt more and more," the Foreign Minister said, "since it has been increasing continuously for nearly ten years. . . . But there is no room for faltering. We are compelled to give priority to increasing our defensive strength individually and collectively until it reaches a level where it would allow us to face effectively an unexpected attack and to organize ourselves so that we shall be able to go through a long war if necessary."

Big words? Perhaps, but not meaningless ones. Franz von Papen, German wartime ambassador to Ankara, was once asked by Hitler whether a Turkish statement could be taken at its face value or not. "I sent him a cable," von Papen writes in his recently-published *Memoirs*, "saying that he must accustom himself to the idea that the Turks were gentlemen and that gentlemen had the habit of keeping their word." It is a truth which Hitler's successor, Stalin, would do well to ponder.

A CLEAN CANDIDATE

by
JAMES ALDREDGE

THE bitter Presidential campaign of 1884 had hardly gotten into full swing when the Democratic headquarters received a letter from a man who offered to furnish documentary proof of the unsavory personal character of James G. Blaine, the Republican candidate.

Daniel Lamont, secretary to Grover Cleveland, the Democratic nominee, showed the letter to his chief, who was then Governor of New York.

"Send for him at once," ordered Cleveland tersely," and when he arrives, have him come directly to me."

Within a very short time, the fellow appeared in Albany and was promptly ushered into the Governor's office. Only the secretary, Lamont, and another close friend were present.

"Are all your proofs here?" Cleveland asked brusquely.

"Yes, all of them," the man replied.

"Everything is here, then, and you are holding nothing back?"

"Nothing," replied the man.

Cleveland then turned to his secretary.

"Mr. Lamont, pay this man what he demands so he can get out of here right away!"

Cleveland did not so much as glance at the chap as he left.

A little later, when he had gone and the Governor was alone with his secretary and friend, he picked up the papers.

"These are all of them, aren't they?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

While Lamont and the friend stared in astonishment, Cleveland drew a wastepaper basket toward him. They watched as he began to tear the papers into small bits. Not a word was said by anybody.

Finally, when the entire mass had been reduced to tatters, Cleveland rang for the porter.

"Burn these in the grate," he ordered.

The Governor stood over him while the torn documents rose in a towering flame. It was not until the paper had been turned into ashes that Cleveland turned to his secretary and friend with a look of quiet satisfaction.

"The other side can have a monopoly of all the dirt in this campaign," said he.

Lamont never heard him refer afterward to what he had done.

THE Neighbors

Her unwelcome neighbor's kindness was like a mirror in which Susan saw herself for the first time. And she was not pleased with what she beheld

by **CHARLES CARVER**

THE dustcloth hung limp and forgotten from Susan's hand as she stood at the east end of her living room and looked unhappily out the bright bay window. The late morning sun glistened against the pane, but her frown was not due to the sunlight nor was it due to the sight of Dickie playing Indian with Jimmy Merrill by the hedge. It was brought on entirely by the attractive empty Colonial house next door.

It had been vacant for two weeks now, and the Conovers' departure had thrown an abrupt, new kind of problem into Susan's lap, a problem that the authors of books on raising children never mentioned. "How to Select Your Child's Neighbors— Chapter Six." In spite of her mood, Susan had to smile. It was an absurd idea, of course. Still the wrong neighbors could do a lot of harm if a child was only eight and as impressionable as Dickie.

If only Jane and Bob Merrill would move in from the country and take the house! She watched Jimmy Merrill—he was ten—showing Dickie how to stalk an enemy on hands and knees. Jimmy was a good companion for Dickie; it was fun to take care of him while Jane made one of her rare trips to the city. Earlier that morning, when Jane had dropped him by, Susan had again sung the praises of Laurel Woods and the house next door. Jane had agreed where she could, but Susan sensed that being within forty minutes of New York was not a sufficient inducement.

Today she had urged her with special eagerness, because Susan knew that the time was running out. Twice in the past week she had seen Mr. Bennett, the agent who had sold her and Harry their own house, lead the Gruesomes into the house next door. Gruesome wasn't their real name, of course; it was a collective title she had tagged on the unprepossessing little man in the rumpled suit, his brawny wife, and the thin, shy boy who was with them.

"But you shouldn't judge people by appearances," Harry had said the night before. "It seems to me you're being overly critical just because you want Jane and Bob to take the place."

"Maybe I am," she had answered. "But if I ever catch you in a suit like Mr. Gruesome's . . . or if I ever become as huge as Mrs. G. . . . or if Dickie ever acts as cowed as that lad . . ."

Now—there came the Gruesomes again, following Mr. Bennett in single file like three fugitives from a side show. A moment later she heard her own back door bang and the two Indian scouts were demanding cookies and milk. The spirit of war was still hot in them and Jimmy, following her gaze, saw the procession up the Conovers' walk. "Comanches!" he hissed. "A war party of Comanches!"

Dickie, following his lead, crept stealthily up to the window and peered fiercely through the curtain. "Down, Mom," he whispered. "Do you want to get scalped?"

Obediently, Susan stepped back from the window and a little to one side. "How about some cookies and milk?" she asked quietly.

Jimmy looked at her in disgust. "There's going to be fighting," he said. "You belong in your wigwam." Then he nudged Dickie. "Let's get our six-shooters. We're going to be outnumbered." The two of them rushed into Dickie's room, then dashed out of the kitchen door, armed with a brace of Hopalong cap pistols.

Susan's first impulse was to stop them. She knew what a bloodcurdling racket they could make when they wished, and it didn't seem the most neighborly approach in the world. Then she hesitated and looked grimly toward the house next door. If the Gruesomes should suddenly feel like a wagon train under attack, they might think twice before buying the house. And then—who could tell?—Jane and Bob might still be persuaded.

So she waited, half curious and half uncomfortable, for the riot to begin. But by the time Jimmy and Dickie had crept up to the hedge Mr. Bennett had led his prospects indoors, all but the slim boy who stood on the walk alone. He was about Dickie's age and very thin and solemn. There was such an air of friendless bewilderment about him that Susan's heart was touched.

She saw the two boys crawl along the hedge, closer and closer to their prey. Suddenly she reached for the window catch to open it and call out to them. But before she was able to, the attackers struck in force with a great yelling and exploding of caps. They swooped down on their lone enemy, who stood still a moment in terror and then fled up the walk. As he reached the door, his mother opened it and Susan saw him bury his pinched face in her bosom.

She saw the mother comforting her child and the father hovering around them both like a bedraggled sparrow. He said something to Mr. Bennett, who pointed toward the house. But to Susan it was as though he were pointing an accusing finger directly at her. . . .

When Jimmy and Dickie returned, flushed and giggling, Susan felt duty bound to reprimand them. Dickie was astonished. "But you knew we were going to," he complained. "You heard us make plans."

"Nevertheless," she began, "I don't think it was a nice thing to do. You frightened the boy badly."

"You bet we did," exclaimed Jimmy. "We ran him right back to his mama!"

Dickie took heart. "Besides, he was only a Gruesome. You said so yourself."

"I said?" Susan looked down at her son and felt her cheeks redden.

"Sure, I heard you tell Dad about them. The shabby Gruesomes. Unfit neighbors."

Her own blunt adjectives, spoken by her son, came back at Susan in all their potential ugliness. "I was simply joking with your father," she said lamely. "It was just a game we were playing."

"Uh-huh," said Dickie. "Can I have another cookie, please?"

The next day Susan saw a moving

Dickie, following his lead, crept stealthily up to the window

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

draw up to the Conovers, and she ized that Mr. Bennett's prospects bought the house after all. The ky woman supervised the moving n, while the boy wandered to and always close to her. Occasionally glanced toward the house next door n a mixed expression of apprehen- and curiosity on his thin features. Vell, thought Susan, I won't be dial and I won't be cold. We'll have to wait and see what develops. spite of her temporary regret over t had happened between the chil- n, she could not overcome her initial ike. In the back of her mind they were still the Gruesomes who had stolen the house from Bob and Jane.

The new neighbors were barely settled, however, before Dickie arrived one morning for his snack with a companion—the lad with the sorrowful mien from the house next door. He said nothing, simply followed Dickie into the kitchen and stood patiently by. At close range, Susan had to admit to herself that he was quite good looking.

"His name's Rusty," said Dickie briefly. "I never heard that name before."

"Hello, Rusty," Susan said.

"And he's got a one-tuber."

"A what?"

"A radio. One tube. He built it himself."

"Why, that's fine! May I see it sometime?"

Rusty nodded.

"And he's going to show me how," said Dickie. "Do you think Dad will buy me a kit maybe?"

"I'm sure he will." In spite of herself, Susan was glad that Dickie had found a companion whose interests were not quite as warlike as Jimmy Merrill's. As a matter of fact, building radios and that sort of thing was what he needed. She looked with renewed interest at their young guest.

LATER she watched Dickie lead his friend to the outdoor swing and explain the system of climbing to the top bar by a certain route he had discovered. At first Rusty was hesitant and unsure of himself. Then, as Dickie urged him, he began the ascent, gaining confidence as he climbed.

Susan took the empty milk bottle to the back porch, and as she did so she saw the other woman standing across from her, looking at the children playing together. All at once, Susan felt a bond link her to the mother who shared the children with her.

She waved across at her. "Good morning," she called. "Isn't it a fine day?"

The large woman waved back. "It is," she said. Then she paused. "Won't you come over and share a little coffee? I just took it off the stove."

Before she knew it Susan was shaking hands, then sitting across from her new neighbor with hot coffee between them. In spite of her size, the woman seemed graceful in her movements, and everything she did was overspread by a warm layer of happiness. Susan's resentment fought against it and lost.

"I'm glad the children are making friends," the woman said. "My husband Max—he teaches calculus at the University—and I were quite worried about Rusty."

"About Rusty?" repeated Susan.

"He's such a shy boy, always building radios and reading books beyond his age." She glanced out at the two playing on the swing. "He's awfully impressionable, you see, and we have so wanted him to have a real outdoor boy for a playmate." She gave Susan a broad smile and her voice grew confidential. "To tell you the truth, Dickie made up our minds for us when we were looking at the house one day. I know that sounds ridiculous, but we saw Dickie playing with another boy—and we *liked* what we saw."

Susan took a long drink of her coffee so that the woman could not see her eyes.

Choosing a mate isn't just a matter of falling in love under a full moon. It's a very serious business, requiring serious thought. Many factors operate for success and happiness, or failure and the divorce courts

Photos from Harold Lambert & H. Armstrong Roberts

How to CHOOSE A MATE

by ***GERALDINE F. MACELWANE***

SHE was only sixteen years old, but all the sad experience of a lifetime was written in her face as she sat in the quiet courtroom. She was unmarried, but the blue-eyed, curly-headed infant she held in her arms was hers, and it would never have an acknowledged father.

All she asked, at this late hour of delusory hope, was support for her daughter. Deeply embarrassed, her eyes downcast, voice soft and sad, she related to the jury the most intimate details of the sordid affair which had brought her to this plight.

Mary was one of a large family in the low-income bracket. Her home had not been a luxurious one, but it was comfortable and solid. She had yearned

good times, as she called them. For atmosphere and thrills of gay parties a popular girl who "belonged" to crowd. In a confused way, she had ached the conclusion, arrived at by many misguided teen-agers, that she uld be popular by heavy dating and cessive necking.

Parental advice was ignored as the puthings of stodgy persons unfamiliar th life. Mary bounced from boy to y, through an unending series of rills, and the hours of her fun length- ed night after night as her parents rried and scolded.

Now here she was in Common Pleas urt, the end of the road for so many ls like her. Popularity, pleasure, hap- ness—all ended in that tragic moment nen she learned she was pregnant, ng before her time and illicitly. And re she was, seeking judgment upon ne of the gang." She might win pport for her child, but with her al- ys would be the bitter knowledge at its father was wholly indifferent her welfare, unwilling if not unable contribute financially to an unwanted mily.

More than a single factor, of course, ntributed to Mary's downfall. She had en led astray by an overwhelming sire for popularity and, for a reason known to me, had held a deep hos- ity toward her mother. She had been hamed to bring boy friends to a home hich hadn't seemed as nice in material ings as those of her acquaintances. Actuated by a burning desire for pularity and fun, Mary never gave rious thought to the future, never ntemplated the selection of a life rtner whom she could trust, love, and honor. She assumed that such matters took care of themselves.

There are countless Marys—and their counterpart Johns—in all strata of society. They are restless, discontented, and emotionally unsure. School and teen-age days should be the happiest time of life, but unfortunately they are not. Young people seem beset by all sorts of problems and by feelings of insecurity which parents fail to understand. Teen-agers long desperately for popularity, for dates of which they may brag, for a place in the activities of the "crowd". Parents fret and worry and often scold, because they know of nothing else to do. The teen-agers complain that parents try to restrict them, to tell them where to go and how long to remain, and to choose their friends for them.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty, young people are particularly difficult to deal with. This is the period of life when they think they know more than anyone else, and this gives them a feeling of independence. It takes twenty to thirty years to discover how little we really know, so it is natural that teen-agers should feel that they have the answer to every problem except that of their own immediate future.

It is difficult to tell what their basic feeling is, but undoubtedly a deep-seated insecurity is part of it. Secretly they yearn for direction, yet they rebel against accepting advice or seeking it directly. This makes it hard for parents or teachers to help them, largely because the problems of teen-agers seem trivial to older persons, who fail to see how stark and real they are to the youngsters.

Teen-agers must be made to understand that their early years should not be frittered away in careless association with superficial companions. This is important, for eight out of ten in an average group of young people eventually marry. One's friends should be chosen carefully, and for qualities that last and deepen as years go on, because one's tendency is to choose a life partner from among one's associates.

The ability to make a wise selection is compounded of many things: respect and honor, not only for one's parents, but for their judgment and love; devotion to one's duty in the full sense of its disciplines and its exactions; constant application to the development of the qualities of mind and heart which are so great a possession of successful and happy older people.

I firmly believe that spiritual preparation is as much a part of this as anything else. One of the most effective ways of attaining spiritual maturity is through daily prayer. Prayer can be very helpful to the young man or woman making ready to choose a life partner. I know a mother who has her children pray daily that when they marry they will obtain a good husband or a good wife. Her children's prayers thus set a worthy objective, and that is of the utmost importance.

It is true, I know, that many young people marry for love of love, rather than for love of an individual. From their ranks come so many of those hapless persons who ask the divorce courts to mend their mistakes. But it is always too late then to redeem their errors, and the tragedy is that so many will go

Young people should get acquainted with one another's families, as parents' traits of character are apt to be passed on to children

Friends should be chosen carefully and for qualities that last and deepen

on to repeat them with other husbands or wives.

The time for treating such persons is when they are young and still at home. Parents are the ones to lead their children safely through the exacting period when love seems the one thing in the world simply because it is love. If parents are wise in their own love, happy and contented homemakers, they can easily determine whether their daughter or son really has found the right person.

I think that a proper respect for each other is a guide that will lead the young through the dangers of those early years of experience in the emotions aroused by associations. Respect is essential in married life, and it must be given completely and wholeheartedly.

The word "unselfishness" is important, for I have come to the conclusion, after much experience in the divorce courts, that a marriage based on love of love, is, in reality, born of selfishness in one or both parties. No one can be self-centered and selfish and make a going concern of a marriage.

I DO not know why so many young folk, particularly girls, fall in love with love. I suppose it is the result of living so many screen romances vicariously. No doubt, too, frequent attendance at weddings, gay prenuptial parties, showers, and the like, makes every young woman crave to be the center of attention at similar affairs.

Another pitfall is false pride. A girl may select a young man because he is a splendid dresser, a free spender, a good dancer, or a clever entertainer. She marries him, only to discover that he is careless with money and possesses a vile disposition. In the man's case, he may have chosen the girl because of her lovely appearance and her popularity with other young men. But once they are married, she becomes the most possessive individual he has ever known and shows complete disinterest in home management.

Often false pride shows after marriage. A newly wedded couple, for example, may feel that they must start their home at the point where their parents leave off. They want all the modern labor-saving appliances and luxuries their parents took forty years to accumulate.

Concern for material things runs very deeply in many people. This trait often makes it impossible for them to choose a mate wisely. I recall an incident of a few days ago. In the space of hours, two women called me to make the same complaint—their husbands were driving other women around in their automobiles. But did they inquire how best to get their husbands back? They did not. They wanted to know how they could recover the cars!

In giving advice to youngsters during their courtship days, I say repeatedly, "Visit back and forth in each other's home. Become well acquainted with the parents. Family traits are not easily set aside."

MILITARY service is a problem for many young people today. We are living in a tragic period when every young man between eighteen and twenty-five who is physically sound is confronted with the possibility of going to war. Fearful of a long separation, young people tend to marry in haste.

The young wife is left behind, suddenly deprived of normal social life. She may seek unmarried girl friends for companions, who, because they are dating, will provide "a friend" for her. She may be swept into an affair that will lead to infidelity.

Meanwhile, the husband is in a training camp or at the front, equally lonely. He finds innumerable opportunities "to step out" while on leave. Often he is encouraged in such actions by his carefree buddies. He has his experiences, most of them tragic, and after years in service, he returns home, usually an entirely different person.

Conjugal love is difficult when partners are separated. And the setting up of a home, in the true companionship that strengthens it, is essential to a true union. "Wait for marriage until such a home can be established" is sound advice under these circumstances.

A marriage carelessly undertaken is almost certain to end unhappily. This fact is borne in on me daily by from ten to twenty telephone calls I receive about marital problems. At least ninety per cent of the inquiries come from women who report that their husbands, in one way or another, are misbehaving.

Their complaints are much the same: excessive drink, nonsupport, or "chasing." Most of the women tell me frankly that they do not want a divorce because they know it will be bad for their children. But they always say they can do nothing with their men. One woman's request typifies them all: "You talk to him, Mrs. Macelwane. Scare him!"

Well, there is only one reply to that: you can't scare anyone into doing something he doesn't want to do. How much better to have selected a husband—or a wife—who possesses basic qualities for love and home-building, qualities that would strengthen and deepen, not deteriorate with the years.

GERALDINE F. MACELWANE, formerly Assistant Prosecutor of Lucas County, Ohio, in charge of all offenses against the family, was elected Judge of the Municipal Court of Toledo in January of this year.

If a man cannot refrain from drinking during courtship, it is fairly certain he never will be able to do so later. Daily I see evidence of the many problems caused in the home by the alcoholic spouse, problems which seemingly offer only the alternative of bearing the cross with patience or of separating from the husband or wife so afflicted.

A prospective bride also should avoid a gambler, a man who cannot save, and one who spends most of his earnings on himself or his car. She would do well to avoid a man who is too dependent upon his parents, or one who shows scant interest in their welfare.

"Choose your occupation for life, before you choose your wife" goes an old proverb. Its philosophy is as sound today as it was when written. All teenagers should have this homely expression pounded into their minds, for it would assure them of more secure homes at the outset. It would enable every girl to make sure that her young man would be a good provider, wholly capable of supporting a family. It would have a salutary effect upon a selfish young man who does not hesitate to propose marriage without possessing such means. Love will find a way, he reasons, thereby proving that he too is in love with love and cares for nothing else.

Money matters should not be left until after marriage. They should be discussed freely and honestly before it is undertaken. And there should be no assumption, on the part of either individual, that the wife will work, for that means children will be unwanted. That is bad for any marriage, since the building of a family is the basic purpose of the union.

A SENSE of humor and ability to take many hard knocks are priceless qualities in any home. Besides these, the couple should have similar racial, religious, and cultural backgrounds. I know happy marriages do result despite dissimilarities in backgrounds, but all too many of them wind up in court.

When we understand that marriage is a sacrament, indissoluble and graced with God's helpfulness in meeting the trials and difficulties of wedded life, we have reached the proper approach to matrimony.

And when we see that the selection of our life partner may well determine our eternal destiny, we have acquired strength for the future. We then can draw upon the sacrament and its graces to keep the home happy and secure.

We must, therefore, prepare for marriage spiritually and economically, enter it with a pure mind and body, use courtship for its Christian purpose, and rely always upon Divine Providence for strength and guidance.

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

us was not only compared
he worst kind of criminal
was rejected in his favor
l was condemned to die by
s own people

Pilate asks if the mob wants Barabbas or Jesus released

Wood engraving by Bruno Bramanti

The Rejection

by JUDE MEAD, C.P.

HE prophet had seen in a vision the heartbreaking spectacle of the ion of Christ. The one thing which ked him was the malicious rejec- of Christ by His own people. cked at what he saw, the prophet ed upon inanimate nature to be- l and be astonished at this rejection. Be astonished at this, O ye heavens, ye gates therefore be very desolate, the Lord. For my people have e two evils. They have forsaken me, Fountain of Living Water, and e digged themselves cisterns—broken erns that can hold no water." r.2:12)

s the narrative of the Passion un- s, the sufferings of Jesus, both of and body, increase in violence and nsity. In the rejection, Christ suf- in His soul, in His good name, in honor, and in His dignity.

ur Blessed Lord was the promised deemer sent by God to restore to the grace he had lost by original This Redeemer had been described great detail to the Jewish people by inspired prophets. Two general char- ristics had been specially empha- d. First, His suffering; and then, His ious kingdom.

The people were material minded. If a man was well-to-do, they considered him pleasing to God. Thus in time, the idea of a suffering Redeemer became lost. They looked forward to a conquering hero. But Isaias had recognized the Redeemer as . . . "despised and most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity." (Is. 53:2)

Jesus certainly looked the part of the Man of Sorrows when the Sanhedrin handed Him over to Pilate as a conspirator. His Agony in the Garden, His betrayal and arrest, and His multiple mock trials had left their mark on Him.

Pilate, the pagan, feels sorry for our Lord and apparently presupposes the same sentiment in the people. He is rapidly and rudely disillusioned. Instead, they rejoice and gloat. In his effort to serve justice and save Christ from His enemies, Pilate tries what he thought was a smart bit of diplomacy. He sends for the worst villain in his dungeon—a man named Barabbas. This Barabbas was in prison for murder and sedition. He was the public enemy of that day. Pilate stands him next to Christ in the sight of the people.

Consider the shame of Our Blessed Lord when He is rated as a criminal like Barabbas. What a sacrilegious insult to Him! The law-giver is not distinguished from the law-breaker. The author of life is bracketed with the destroyer of life. Pilate looks at the two. He passionately asks the howling mob: "Whom will you that I release unto you —Barabbas, or Jesus that is called the Christ?" (Matt. 27:17) And St. Matthew tells us: "But the chief priests and ancients persuaded the people that they should ask for Barabbas, and make Jesus away." (Matt. 27:20) Pilate is stunned at this malicious choice. He asks, "What shall I then do with Jesus that is called Christ?" (Matt. 27:22) And St. Matthew tells us, "They cried out the more . . . Let Him be crucified! Away with Him." (Matt. 27:23)

So ends the story of the denial and rejection of Christ by those who should have known better. Jesus was not only compared to the worst kind of criminal but was actually judged to be worse than him. Jesus was not only rejected, but was condemned to die by His own people. The Sacred Heart of Christ is broken with shame and humiliation. In Him now is fulfilled the prophecy: "And with the wicked He was reputed." (Mark. 15:28)

The sad eyes of Christ look upon the frenzied mob who have just signed His death warrant. "His blood be upon us and upon our children." (Matt. 27:25)

The rejection of Christ was made by people who knew better. The rejection of Christ was made also by those who had benefitted by His teaching, love, and miracles. Christ's Heart was broken by this repulse. His love was officially

SUBVENITE FOR AUTUMN

by SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION

Soul of all dying loveliness, go forth
To Him Who made you—unto Him Whose grief
Of bloody agony and bitter woe
Is stamped upon your every ruddy leaf.
Go forth to Him Whose breath,
Whose love broods over you, even now in death.

Go forth with every stain
Washed in the sacred penitence of rain;
With all your senses healed,
Divinely chrismed, sealed
By priestly frost. Forget the racking pain
Of sapless limbs and weary, tossing boughs:
Enter with joy at length into God's house.

There shall you meet
The spirits of all summers, who will greet
Your coming with ineffable delight;
And we who loved you, Sweet,
Rejoice to find how precious in God's sight
Is this your going hence.
Ah! When His hands clothe you in radiant white
Garments of peace and matchless innocence!

ON THE DEATH OF A PRIEST

by J. CORSON MILLER

Salute the sentry of the Lord:
The guard against earthly bane;
His armor unpierced, he stood to the last
Where Lucifer's lightnings rain;
For the priestly joy on his soldier-face,
Sing Jubilate's strain!

The eagle's look was in his eyes,
When the vultures crowded down;
The sentry of the Lord was swift,
And he laughed at evil's frown;
In the reeling lists of the Lord's emprise,
He wears a laurel-crown.

His hands that swung the spirit's sword,
In the swirling storms of shame,
Oft lifted high Christ's body and blood
To the Father, in Love's name;
Those hands now folded as in prayer,
That trafficked not with fame.

The ranks of Melchisedech ring him round,
Who is one of the eternal throng;
On his brow let the hyssop fall lightly, Lord,
This priest whom Thy grace made strong;
The valiant sentry home from the wars,
Hearing the Sanctus song!

spurned by those to whom He came first with redemption.

Why did Christ allow this rejection? The answer is simple. He wanted to teach us a lesson, one that cost Him dearly. It is this: Every man and woman has to make the choice between Christ and Barabbas, and it is not an easy choice. Barabbas was a criminal full of guilt and evil, a sinner grown glamorous with sin. He represents the world and everything contrary to Christ.

Our Blessed Lord stands for everything that is good and true and beautiful. Yet He is crushed and bruised and broken. If we follow the allurements of the world, we shall be its friend, its bosom companion. The world will love us and accept us as its own. If we choose to follow Christ, we shall be called upon to endure much for His sake and for the cause of religion. "For the disciple is not above the Master." (Luke 6:40) It is not easy to live according to Christian faith and morality day after day. People are too soft. We must be constantly on guard lest we surrender. "For the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and only the violent bear it away." (Matt. 11:12)

If we choose to follow the despised Christ, our reward will be without measure. The Blessed Christ asked His disciples this leading question: "Ought not the Christ to have suffered all these things and thus enter into His glory?" (Luke 24:26) And St. Peter, speaking to the Jews on the rejection of Christ, gives us a wonderful promise of the reward for fidelity to Christ. "This Christ, the stone which was rejected by the builders, the same has become the head of the corner." (Acts 4:11) It is only by suffering and rejection that we can hope for heaven.

BUT if we weaken and prefer the world with its sins and pleasures, we reject Christ anew and cry out with the once chosen people of old: "Release unto us Barabbas." (John 19:15) These are the words which broke the heart of Christ.

Jerusalem is no more. Why? Because that proud city and its arrogant inhabitants rejected Christ. "Jerusalem!" Our Blessed Lord called out as He wept over that vain city. "How often would I have gathered thee to My heart as a hen doth her brood, and thou wouldst not . . ." (Matt. 23:37)

Jesus Christ is the Man of the hour. Every hour is His triumph. He was rejected by a few and went on to save endless generations. When the hour of temptation comes to us, may we call down upon ourselves this blood which the Jews invoked. In our case, however, not with a will to murder, but with a thirst for the graces of redemption.

Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER

In the modern fantasy, "It Grows on Trees," Irene Dunne and Dean Jagger are the happy owners of two money-growing trees

Judy Holliday, star of *Born Yesterday* and *The Marrying Kind,* explains away her support of many Communist-front organizations with the excuse that she was "irresponsible" and guilty of "shallow thinking." The Judy Hollidays, the Jose Ferrers and others now scrambling off the left-wing bandwagon with them they permitted their names to be used without realizing that the groups in question were subversive. It is strange they were never hoodwinked into supporting even one bona fide patriotic group or speaking out just once for a genuine American cause. The attitude taken by many of these show-business "liberals" is an insult to the Congressional committees they face and to the audiences who pay hard-earned American dollars to support them.

Charlie Chaplin, erstwhile tramp and now self-admitted genius, is facing a belated action by the Department of Justice. Whether he is to be barred from the country on grounds of moral turpitude or political subversion matters little at the moment. The Department can undoubtedly make an airtight case on either count. What does matter is the attempt by the extreme-liberal clique supporting Chaplin to build him up as a modern martyr of artistic freedom and as the greatest genius in motion picture history. Chaplin was, in his heyday, a very fine comedian, but he was not content to be just that. Though hardly qualified, he essayed the role of philosopher and tragedian, political sage and world citizen. The end result of his egotism is to be found in his latest movie, *Limelight,* reviewed in this issue. Chaplin has been called everything from a vicious subversive to a silly old man. We prefer to think of him as he used to fade out in his earlier movies, a baggy-trousered tramp wandering into the sunset—*down the wrong road!* Blinded by his own success, he has turned his private life into a mess far more pathetic than the cane-swinging character which once brought him fame, fortune, and fans.

Reviews in Brief

IT GROWS ON TREES is a modern fantasy with a topical twist and excellent performances to help hurdle the overabundance of whimsy. Irene Dunne is a deft pacemaker as a budget-weary suburban housewife who discovers two money-growing trees in her backyard. Washington bureaucrats are soon involved in the fun and do not emerge unscathed from the fracas. Lightweight nonsense, but pleasant entertainment, with Dean Jagger also turning in a fine performance as a harrassed family breadwinner. (Universal-International)

★ *Patricia Neal wins Victor Mature over to her cause in "Something for the Birds"*

The nation's capital has become the focus of attention for many eyes including those of Hollywood. In **SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS** we have a modest, but thoroughly enjoyable, family comedy in which a bird fancier sets out to provide a legal sanctuary for condors. Scenes of Washington life and misadventure are cleverly handled, and the cast plays smoothly. Patricia Neal is the condor campaigner, Edmund Gwenn her eccentric aid, and Victor Mature, one of those slick Potomac-side lobbyists. (20th Century-Fox)

THE AMAZING MONSIEUR FABRE is based on the accomplishments and unusual career of French entomologist, Jean Henri Fabre. Particularly fascinating in sequences devoted to a camera probe of ants, spiders, caterpillars, and other insects, it also contains scenes of humor and warmth in depicting the family life of the part-time scientist. Fabre alternated hours as a mathematics instructor with those devoted to his greater love, the study of insect life and habits. It led him to the conclusion, already known by theologians, that only man possesses an immortal soul and a free will. Pierre Fresnay, remembered as the saintly "Monsieur Vincent," again offers a subdued, but brilliant, portrayal in a film the entire family can see with enjoyment and profit. (Futter)

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS is a mediocre musical despite some flamboyant dancing by Marge and Gower Champion. It is in best form when concerned with the ability of the Champions, less than acceptable when treading through the obstacle course provided by a weak plot. The stars are not strong enough in the dramatic department to carry it along, and Dennis O'Keefe, who might have done so, is given a subordinated role throughout. (M-G-M)

The story of a young white boy raised as the son of a Sioux Chief provides some unusual opportunities to study the lore of the Indian world. **THE SAVAGE** balances the usual Western formula with these absorbing scenes of Sioux life, and the result is a worthwhile family adventure. Grown to manhood, the white Indian becomes a spy for his adopted race, but soon discovers that his loyalty is a divided one. Technicolor supplies an added treat, with the Black Hills of South Dakota providing an awesome background. Charlton Heston is completely credible in the title role, and the supporting players are adequate. (Paramount)

THE MAGIC BOX is a British-made cavalcade of early motion picture development, dedicated to the still-controversial contributions of William Friese-Greene. Originally produced as a co-operative effort for showing at the Edinburgh Film Festival, it is a sincere and intelligently planned tribute utilizing the services of almost every important player in the British industry. Robert Donat, Laurence Olivier, Barry Jones, Michael Redgrave, Glynis Johns, Leo Genn, and many others are to be seen in this episodic salute to a photographer who was an important figure in the development of the projector. For the family. (Mayer-Kingsley-Rank)

If the Congressional probers did little else, they have provided the Hollywood idea men with some new angles for the crime melodramas. **THE TURNING POINT** is one

★ *William Holden and Alexis Smith crusade against crime in "The Turning Point"*

of their better efforts, detailing the attempts of a crime investigator to fumigate a large city and rid it of the racketeer element. Though much of the plot is familiar, it is acted with conviction, and the law's message is delivered with more sincerity than usual. William Holden, Alexis Smith, Edmond O'Brien, Tom Tully, and Ed Begley are featured in this adult analysis of a modern city's cancer growth. (Paramount)

Hemingway's **THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO** is by turn spectacular, offensive, and dull. It vibrates the screen when the camera is capturing vivid panoramas of African wild life, scenes which equal anything yet shown along such lines. When attention is transferred to the ponderous recital of a typical Hemingway study in cynicism and "romance," the film is labored and unattractive. The Casanova complex of the hero is treated sympathetically and the story's immorality given tacit approval, while the overdose of suggestive-

s further alienates the audience in search of something blesome and licit. Gregory Peck's performance is strong ugh to overcome the script obstacles, while Susan Hayd and Ava Gardner are excellent. For all its visual ndor and good acting, this is notable mainly for cond philosophizing and blundering suggestiveness. (20th tury-Fox)

spectacular scenes of a forest afire, **THE BLAZING REST** surpasses any similar screen venture. While the pt is in the nature of a conventional outdoors melo-ma, the sizzling climax provided by a genuine forest flagration is one you won't soon forget. Conflicts in the ber land with John Payne, Richard Arlen, Agnes Moored, and William Demarest carrying out the plot, lead to fiery finale. Technicolor is used to the very best advan- in this genuinely exciting logging yarn which adture-lovers of every age will enjoy. (Paramount)

c Guinness has another field day in **THE PROMOTER,** ly satire on materialism woven in the unique British e. This time Guinness is the son of a workworn washerman in a grimy English town of the 1900 era. Determined nake his way in the world, he climbs to wealth and local

★ *Alec Guinness is a clerk who promotes his own financial interests in "The Promoter"*

tical eminence, coincidence by coincidence and fluke by e. Based on Arnold Bennett's novel, *The Card,* this vides Guinness with a fine opportunity to cavort in his genteel style. Glynis Johns and Valerie Hobson head expert supporting cast in this diverting adult comedy. niversal-International)

E THIEF is a triumph of technique in that it holds ience interest for eighty-five minutes without using the ken word. A striking novelty in these days of garrulity, s in addition a very powerful motion picture built und the torment of an atomic scientist who has sold self to the Red network. Though we are never told he has turned over government secrets to a Soviet nt, we do see the soul-tearing results of such action. In of the year's most forceful performances, Ray Milland rprets the traitor's tortured hours as he smuggles data he enemy, flees from the FBI, and finally kills the agent who is trailing him. Stunning photographic effects and expertly sustained suspense are added recommendations, but a ridiculously overplayed and highly suggestive scene, inserted to provide "glamour-copy" for the ads, is an annoying carbuncle on an otherwise impressive production. (United Artists)

A star's personal life and views do not ordinarily enter into an analysis of a movie, but in **LIMELIGHT** Charlie Chaplin attempts to foist a false, personal philosophy on those he lures into the theater. It only serves further to irritate an audience already bored by what must be the dullest movie of the year. Aside from a brief sequence in which he teams with veteran comic Buster Keaton, Chaplin avoids humor for what he believes to be pathos and seems intent on making the customers forget his former eminence as a truly great comedian. Where Chaplin was once consciously pathetic as a symbol of loneliness and defeat, he is now unconsciously ridiculous in his pretensions. *Limelight* is overlong and banal as it tells the uninteresting story of an aged clown's alliance with a dispirited young ballerina. Through mutual encouragement they scale the theatrical ladder, but fail to find any personal happiness. Claire Bloom of the London stage is quite appealing as the dancer. All comedians yearn to play *Hamlet,* they say. Chaplin proves that very few are really equipped to do it. (United Artists)

HURRICANE SMITH strikes low notes in entertainment value and good taste. Except for one scene in which a man and a shark battle beneath the surface, this is a complete waste of time. Performances by Yvonne DeCarlo, John Ireland, James Craig, Richard Arlen, and others are in the lackluster mood of the entire production. Skip this one. (Paramount)

CINERAMA is the most far-reaching technological advance in motion pictures since the advent of sound. It will undoubtedly revolutionize production and open wide vistas for those who make and those who enjoy motion pictures. In effect, it is the most successful attempt yet made at three-dimensional projection in both sight and sound. A specially constructed camera with three lenses photographed in perfect synchronization one-third of each scene being shot. Then, in the theater, the films are projected simultaneously on a giant screen. The sound is stereophonic, coming from all directions, and the end result is the complete illusion of a three-dimensional effect. The implications of its introduction at this time reach far and wide, and its challenge to the industry is enormous.

The New Plays

There is charm and humor, with a strong flavor of the original, in **MR. PICKWICK,** a comedy compiled by Stanley Young from bits and pieces of the unforgettable Dickens novel. The playgoer who doesn't share an affection for Dickens or his Samuel Pickwick may find this palling, but to the *aficionado* this renewal of an old and quaint acquaintance will be rewarding entertainment. Young's play is episodic and often discursive, but it does capture the mood and the humor of the *Pickwick Papers* to a satisfactory degree. He is doubly fortunate in having a skilled and sympathetic cast on hand to deliver the witty lines and act out the modest little charades. George Howe makes a perfect "Pickwick," while Nydia Westman, Estelle Winwood, Louis Hector, Sarah Marshall, Norah Howard, Nigel Green, and the supporting players offer spirited characterizations. This is perhaps better suited to the select circle of Dickens admirers than to the general audience, but it is a refreshing change from the brassiness of so many modern fun pieces.

My Cage At Paotsing

The Red police claim to be different from our F.B.I. They are. Here is one man's story about the difference

by
HAROLD TRAVERS, C.P.

Father Harold Travers, who was kept in a cage by the China Reds. He was released on July 31, 1952, and sent home

THEY led me into a room, and then into a room within that room. The inner room was a cage made of split saplings laid over the four sides and roof about two inches apart. There was a window in the outside room, so while I had plenty of air, I had about as much light as would get into a shipping crate in a dim warehouse.

The cage I had all to myself. Most of the time the room was unoccupied, too. Though, occasionally, four or five prisoners were packed into the narrow area outside the cage. Here I lived for three months, from September 5, 1951 to December 15, 1951.

On that September 5, I thought they were starting me toward Hong Kong. They made another complete search of my living quarters at the mission and of my person, told me to pack whatever I wanted, including a wash basin, and marched me to the police station. Instead of Hong Kong and freedom, the trip led to the Paotsing jail and the sapling cage.

During the next few months, I had plenty of time to review in my mind the progressive Red tactics which had brought me there.

Paotsing was "liberated" by the Communist forces on November 7, 1949. After that, the first thing they did was "liberate" the Catholic Mission. Their Quartermaster Corps took over the whole compound, except the rectory. Soldiers were posted all over the property, supposedly to guard military equipment which had been stored there. But they also guarded the church against Catholics who wanted to attend Sunday Mass.

It wasn't until a year later, in December of 1950, that the Reds really began to apply pressure. Orders were issued for the registration of all foreigners and their property. So I got an early summons from the police.

"What are you doing in Paotsing?" they wanted to know. They wanted to know a lot of other things, too. "Why did you come to China?" "Are you working for a foreign government?" "Who sent you here from the United States?" "Who issued your Chinese visa?" "Who appointed you to work in Paotsing?" After picking this topic to the bone, they sent me back to the mission for all documents pertaining to my official status—passports, visas, all civil and church papers authorizing me as Pastor of the Paotsing Mission and Director of the Orphanage and Industrial School. Eventually I was expected to provide a translation of every word in these documents. After being instructed to that effect, I was sent back to the mission for all my books—those I had for personal use and those I circulated among the Chinese.

Not much was said about my own books. But the Chinese pamphlets were pawed over and provided material for an angry lecture on the poison that I, a foreigner, was pouring into the minds of the Chinese people. With my ears ringing from this insolent sermon, I was chased back to the mission with instructions to report for another inquisition in an hour.

This time the topic was my family history. Did my family own property? How did my father make his living? My mother? Where did they live? Any brothers or sisters? Their occupation? Address? How much money did they

ake? Any of them work for the Gov-
nment? "Who else do you know in the
nited States?" "Their address?" "Who
you know in China?" "Their ad-
ess?"

The next sentence was not a question. was the abrupt order which I was tting used to, but which was so hard my nerves and my rheumatism: "Go me and come back in an hour."

One hour later, the fifth session for at day was under way. It dealt with e affairs of the mission. How many inese Christians have you? How often they come to the mission? How many ys do you have in the orphanage? the Industrial School? In the ele-entary school? Where do you get the oney to run the Mission? Do the Chi-se contribute?

At five o'clock, they let me go. I had en kept standing all day. I was kept nding all day for the two following ys—a fact which enormously increased y respect for chairs.

N the next few weeks, every square inch of space in the mission was oked into or dug up. The purpose as obviously not to find out the facts out the mission, but to discover any-ing which could be twisted into propa-nda against foreigners in general and e United States in particular.

A few discarded U. S. Army helmets hich served as wash basins in the or-hanage and a rusty U. S. bayonet hich Father Michael Anthony had ed for pruning trees, were presented evidence of armed conspiracy against e Government. A pair of old hand-ffs that had been kicked around the nk room for years somehow became proof that we tortured the Chinese. A flashlight powered by a hand generator was surely a radio sending outfit. The aluminum chassis of an old radio—which a house boy had been using as an improvised shelf—was an instrument of espionage.

One day they dragged in a poor fellow who had been persuaded to swear that I was a Nationalist Party leader. They made me pose for a picture with him and a former Paotsing official, both of them in leg irons. Next day, while our picture was providing publicity fodder for the Communist press, my two companions were executed.

It's odd how this atmosphere of endless misrepresentation and perversion of truth affects the mind. I became afraid of my own thoughts, as if even my mind had no privacy and could be read by the Communist inquisitors. I began to fancy that they could put ideas into my head as they could plant a gun under my bed. You can't imagine how it is unless you've experienced it.

You feel separated from your own mind. As if it were some outside thing you had to take care of, like a dog you were walking or a baby you were sitting for.

In my cage in the Paotsing jail, I had plenty of time to think back over these things. There wasn't much to keep me from thinking as I sat on my little wooden bench and watched the thin daylight slant through the sapling slats of my cell. All I had was a bed, a few changes of underwear, a few towels, and a wash basin. Twice a day, they brought in a bowl of rice and squash. I had a lot of time with my thoughts.

At dawn, the door of the cage would be opened and a soldier would bring in a bucket of hot water so I could wash up. There were always guards around, but I was permitted, at meal time, to leave the cage and go to the room door for hot tea water or an extra serving of rice.

During these three months, I was questioned about six times. Six or eight armed guards would come in around midnight and wake me up. They would watch me dress, hand me a small lantern, and we would walk single file to a building some blocks away. Then, that peculiar and favored brand of Communistic torture would begin, the barrage of questions. Why had I come to China? What had I preached about? Whom did I know in China? How come I had dinner one time with some bandits who had captured the city? This was all written down, and at the end of the session I would have to check it and sign my name in Chinese. Then would come the single file march back to the cage again.

AS winter came on, a cold gale began to blow through my cell. I couldn't sleep. My joints ached. My fingers stiffened. The back of my head and my neck were a torment. Noticing that I looked badly and scarcely touched my food, the guards called in a doctor who discovered that I had a high temperature and a very rapid pulse.

For some reason, this seemed to alarm them. Perhaps, even the high-riding Reds have disturbing visions of atrocity trials which will surely overtake every Commie big shot whose people finally recover their freedom. Anyway, from that time on, I got medical attention, better food, was permitted to bring supplies from the mission, and even allowed to cash a bank draft which Father Anthony had sent from Hong Kong some months before.

In fact, on December 14, a police official dropped in to see me and told me to be ready the next day. I was going back to America. Under guard, the next day, I got on a bus for Yüanling. In Yüanling, I was paraded through the streets to the jail to stay, as I thought, overnight.

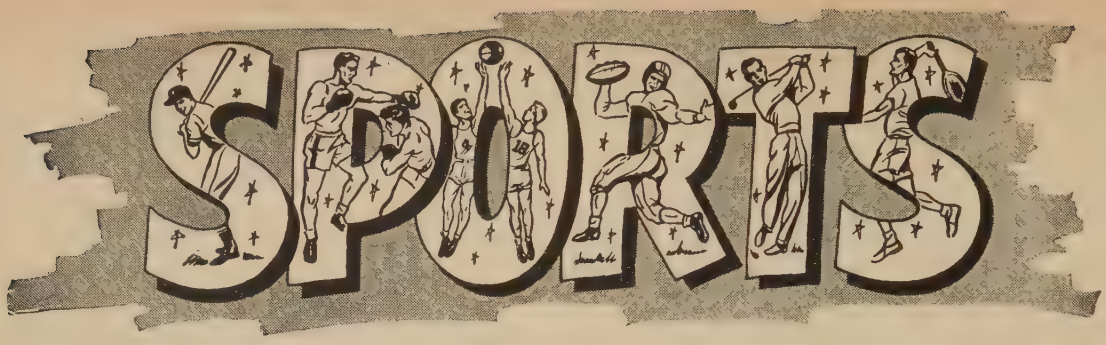
I stayed six months and a half.

On July 31, 1952, I was released with instructions to board a bus for Hong Kong. Here is what they said: "You can tell them back in America that we do not treat prisoners as they say. That's all propaganda. Have we beat you up? Have we put you through the third degree like the F.B.I.? Now because you are sick, we are sending you to Hong Kong.

"We are even sending a man along with you in case you get sick."

In case I got sick!

A corner of the Mission property at Paotsing. Here Father Harold was in charge until September 5, 1951, when Reds put him in jail.



by ***DON DUNPHY***

The New Champ

THE ability to get up off the floor, to fight back, and flail away when things look blackest—that's the mark of a champion. It happens in life and it happens in sports. This country showed that spirit at Valley Forge and at Pearl Harbor. Jack Dempsey did it against Luis Firpo. Jim Braddock, down and forgotten, fought his way back off the docks to win the heavyweight title. Joe Louis got off the floor to beat Braddock. Jersey Joe Walcott came out of retirement, was frustrated in four attempts to win the title, kept trying, and finally was successful.

The latest gladiator to prove the old sports cliché that "A man who won't be beaten, can't be beaten," is Rocky Marciano, son of a shoemaker, out of Brockton, Mass., and now possessor of the greatest individual crown in sports, the heavyweight championship of the world. His was a great triumph, one of heart as well as brawn. For it took a stout heart and a determined one to stay in the ring with Jersey Joe Wolcott the night of September 23rd.

Down and almost out in the first round from a fiery well placed left hook that could have ended it then and there, almost blinded in the middle rounds from some substance that had gotten into his eyes, behind on each of the officials' cards as he came out for the thirteenth, Rocky had it. And how he had it! He knew, with time running out on his quest for the title, that he had to come from behind to win, that probably he had to win by a kayo. Jersey Joe knew it too and the amazing old fellow fighting the greatest fight of his life, tried to stay just far enough away so that he could roll with Rocky's punches and counter so beautifully as he had done all through the fight.

But Rocky wasn't to be denied and Joe's number came up as had Charles' a little more than a year previous. With one thunderous punch that traveled no more than eight inches, boxing history was made and the folks of Brockton had no sleep that night. For their Rocky was the Champ and better than that he was the first ever to attain the greatest crown in fistiana with an unblemished record. Jim Jeffries before him had been undefeated when he won the title but two draws had marred his record.

For Rocky Marciano it was, as we said, a great triumph. For Jersey Joe,

The new champion. He has a big right arm and a jaw of iron

it was bitter and ironical, that after some twenty years of campaigning in the squared circle, his greatest effort should end in disaster. The performance in defeat of the ex-champion has no counterpart, with a possible exception of the pitching of hard luck Bill Bevens of the Yankees against the Dodgers in the world series of 1947. Bevens pitching the greatest game of a career, studded with hard luck and bad breaks, had a no hitter with two out in the ninth only to see Cookie Lavagetto's bat flash once and the lights go out.

Jersey Joe had no no-hitter but he was at his all-time best. Not even his fights with Louis when he had the Bomber on the canvas three times; not even his knockout of Charles to win the title, nor his decision triumph over the same man to retain it, were as good as this one. For Jersey Joe had everything that night, punch, legs, endurance, skill, and heart. Yet the lights went out for him with one mighty flash of Rocky's right fist. It was a great fight, some veteran boxing writers calling it the greatest heavyweight championship battle of all time.

Will Rocky be a great champion in the tradition of Sullivan and Dempsey and Louis and Walcott? Only time will tell that. But at 28, he's still young and he's still learning. And he's modest but proud of his newly won laurels and he's determined to be good and stay at the top. And boy, can he punch!

Golf's Royal Family

Recently we received a suggestion from one of our readers that we do a story on the Turnesas, the Royal Family of golf. Since we were on our way to Grossingers to watch Rocky Marciano train for the big fight with Walcott, and since Joe Turnesa is the golf pro at the famed mountain resort, it was a simple matter to kill two birds with the one resort.

We found Joe conducting a golf clinic with his assistant, Tommy Parks, and we were so awed by the ease with which the pros moved the little white ball with a brassie that we almost forgot the purpose of our mission. After watching Joe and Tommy for a while we went back to the brook near the seventh hole where we had thrown our clubs last year and decided to give the game one more chance. They were still deep in the water and with the help of a rowboat and a couple of long hooks

got them out. After drying out for days they seemed as good as ever we tried it again. By the way, if know anyone who needs a set of clubs tell him to go to the seventh at Grossingers and get a boat. clubs may still be there.

ut to come back to the amazing nesas, Vitale was a youth of 14 n he came to New York from Ar-do, near Naples, Italy. Some years r he met and married Anna Pas-lla who also had been born in Italy. y settled around Elmsford, N. Y., ch is still their home site. Papa nesa found work as a day laborer at Fairview Country Club at Elmsford though it wasn't known at the time, golf background of the family was blished.

APA and Mama Turnesa had seven ons, Phil, Frank, Joe, Mike, Doug, and Willie and each has made erling contribution to the wonderful ime of golf. It started when Phil Frank got work after school chas-golf balls for the members of the . Soon they obtained regular work he club and when in the evening r dinner they would relate the ex-ences of the day, the other boys ld sit around with open mouths king it in. The golf bug had bitten the fever was spreading rapidly. h of the younger brothers soon be-e a caddy and from there, an expert er.

oe is the brother who started the nesas on the road to big league At 19 he won an assistant profes-als' competition with a sparkling 69 that was all the excuse he needed to pete as a pro. In the late 1920s he ed with the elite of the game and ng his triumphs was the British valent of our P.G.A. champion-, he being the first American to win title. We related in a previous issue THE SIGN the terribly bad break that him the U. S. Open title at Scioto, o in 1926. In the final round Joe leading the field with the immortal by Jones, his closest pursuer two kes behind. A few holes from the there was a par three hole with a ravine beyond the green. To over-e the green meant disaster, for to into the ravine meant at least a or six to the unfortunate player. had completed his final round and the leader waiting for Jones to h. Bobby overdrove on his tee shot it seemed like Turnesa's victory as ball hit low on a line, bounced on green, and headed for the ravine. emed certain that Jones must take last a five, maybe a six, and Turnesa ld win. But here fate intervened. r striking the green the flying ball struck one of the huge gallery of fans that always followed Jones and it caromed back on the green. Bobby sank the putt and went on to beat Joe by one stroke. The following year, Turnesa lost to the equally great Walter Hagen in the final. Joe, like his brother Willie, employs a graceful "picture swing." Theirs is more of the rhythmic quality of the old school than of the "punch and power" methods used by most of today's better golfers. Incidentally, Joe is inclined to experiment a lot and in 1938 he won the Long Island Open tournament using only his right hand when putting. At the age of 46 he took flying lessons and today flies a four-seater.

Mike Turnesa is the instructor at the Knollwood C. C. at White Plains, N. Y. and is a strong competitor. Once he lost to Ben Hogan in the P.G.A. final despite the fact that he holed a 180-yard approach shot for an eagle 2 on a par four hole. Mike still shakes his head as he relates that Hogan, instead of conceding the hole, took an iron and tried to duplicate the shot.

corporal in the army back in 1942 he was nosed out in the P.G.A. final by Sam Snead. It took him ten years but he made it this year when he beat Chick Harbert in the 36 hole final at Louisville.

Jim's victory brought the golfing Turnesas to a unique place in the world of sports since they share both amateur and professional championships.

Willie, the youngest of the brothers, won the U. S. amateur championship twice, the British amateur title once, and captained the last United States Walker Cup team. He has a stout heart and to paraphrase the baseball expression, he is never out until the last putt is holed. In the British amateur in 1947, he trailed his Walker Cup teammate, Dick Chapman, by five holes at the end of the first nine. He squared the match by taking the next five and eventually won out. Willie, who is a Holy Cross graduate, has won many a tournament with his uncanny putting touch.

That's the story of the Turnesa brothers but not the end of the saga by any means, for there is another Turnesa who most certainly will carry on the royal tradition. He is Dick, the 20-year-old son of Joe Turnesa and his lovely wife, formerly Elizabeth McMahon. Dick is a junior at Georgetown University and holds the Grossinger course record with a sizzling 66.

The entire family is devout and Turnesas of all ages can be seen going to Mass on Sunday morning. And there is still a touch of the old world in the cordial welcome they extend to visitors who join their family circle.

Royal family of golf, the Turnesa brothers: Mike, Willie, Jim, their hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Grossinger, Phil, Joe, Frank, and Doug

Doug is the best putter in the Turnesa family. In a recent movie about the Turnesas it was Doug's part to show how easy it was to miss a 30 foot putt. However, he holed four of them in a row much to the exasperation of the director who thereupon decided to change the script.

Mama Turnesa had hoped that Jim would become a musician but the music to Jim's ears was a whistling drive down the fairway. Jim has developed into a longer hitter than either Joe or Willie and his power golf has paid off. As a

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Let's Give Thanks

PONDERING ON the question of what to select to be thankful for this year on Thanksgiving becomes a bit difficult. It is not that we do not have plenty of reasons for thanksgiving in this land of ours, but that we are more and more giving thanks for the entirely material. This no doubt is all right to do, since all things come from God, but increasingly we give the impression of offering our thanks to government bureaus rather than to God.

It is difficult for me to make any statement that has to do with theology, for my study of that subject is slight and my arguments with its logicians are apt to be personal rather than objective. Women are personal, however. It is one reason I am very fond of the sex. Perhaps we might thank God for women this year. It is a new idea and perhaps should not come from Eve's party but I present it anyway.

Or we might give thanks because we can still pay our bills —or at least most of them. To many people, the answer to the question, "What makes you happy?" is "Having plenty of money." This I gleaned from a poll, but another poll brought out the statement that few people think they are happy, including some of the ones who said they had good incomes! There were some that were polled who gave a different answer and spoke of love and family and education as the things that made them happy. So let us be thankful for them, even if they are not so numerous or vociferous as the others. But it is sad that we have come so far from being able to say with Browning's Pippa (who had very little money), "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

As for being happy though not wealthy, I think General Eisenhower best phrased it some months ago when he was speaking of his early boyhood in a small American town. "We were poor," he said, "but the glory of America was that we did not know it."

Humility A Virtue

THIS THANKSGIVING we might be thankful that we are eating turkey or its equally expensive equivalent, or even that we walk free when many walk in terror. We should consider all these material gifts given us by God and be thankful for them. But one can envisage a future when we may be thankful to have only bread and when we too might be ruled by overlords instead of being lords ourselves. Maybe what we ought to thank God for this year is the gift of free will, adding a heartfelt prayer for the ability to use our free will rightly.

And this year we might turn our thanks to other than material things. For instance, we should give thanks for the great virtue of humility, often ignored in a proud and successful land like ours. Think of the children's books you have seen this year. Has a single one been based on that fine quality?

I would scarcely dare ask you to be thankful for the greatest gift of all—that you might be one of those to whom God has this year given nothing or from whom He has taken something away. Only a few are capable of such thanks. I am afraid I would not be. But there is a happy medium for those who are considerably less than saints and yet wa to be good Christians.

We are not a people of great humility in this count but that is not to say we are not a generous people, f we are. Never have I asked for funds on this page or ev suggested a possible need but that there has been a wond ful response. We give because we are made that way, a perhaps I shall give my thanks this year because of that. W are a kind and giving people.

But humility is something else. It is a quality Ameri does not trouble much about, a virtue which only occasio ally comes to our attention, and it is in some odd w considered by many a weakness rather than a strength. P haps a story which I can tell on myself would illustrate wh I am trying to say.

Setback to Pride

SOME WEEKS ago I had to change trains in the middle a trip. On the platform was a woman, a foreigner, poor dressed, who spoke little English and understood less. S could not comprehend why she was put off one train where she was to go from there. She appealed to vario people and they tried to tell her, and in all kindness. B she seemed erratic and unintelligible, as might well be t case with one who does not understand and is not us to traveling. Eventually the people who were trying explain began to look at each other and shrug their shou ders. And when someone gave me a smile of understandi pity for her actions, I smiled back—and my smile was c tainly one, if carefully analyzed, which said, "We are bet than she is, for we know good English and we are n odd looking, nor do we give the impression of not bei all there."

The train came and we got her on it and she sat dow obviously still not sure all would go well. She sat in t seat across from me and I noticed as the train got going th her lips were moving. Evidently talking to herself, I though Later I looked again and her lips were still moving, b now I noticed in her hands a rosary, brown beads whi I had not noticed before because they were so much t color of her brown skirt and her brown, worn hands. beads slipped through her fingers, I looked away, feeling little confused about what I thought had been my cle thinking.

When I looked at her again, she was putting the bea into her bag and the worry was gone from her face. really was. She caught my gaze and gave me a wide smi unworried, peaceful. She had made some sort of connecti with Our Lady, I ventured to think; at least she h sought Our Lady's intercession and was secure in it, a it was kinder and more understanding than we had been.

Now this sort of thing, these dramatic little setbacks pride, have happened to all of us and I am sure have ma us all feel a bit ashamed. And that is why I think it wou be a fine thing to forget the thanks for the turkey a concentrate our thanks on the fine virtue of humility a pray that America learns in time that it *is* a virtue and abo all explains it to her children by practicing it.

Books

ST OF EDEN

y John Steinbeck. *602 pages.*
iking Press. *$4.50*

J. Steinbeck

e crux of John nbeck's latest 600- pages is nothing . Though the au- r serves it with the of a personal dis- ery, it is simply a sh of the proven nise that while y man is caught a web of good and evil he is not ped as a blind beast. Endowed with liberty to choose between virtue and —between paradise and an exile of Eden—he thereby holds the key lory.

ip service to the truism is as far Steinbeck seems willing to venture, ever. It is disappointing that he s not permit his characters to exer- their freedom of choice positively er than merely beat their chests shout about it. But perhaps they not do more, for a philosophy of llectual materialism that holds no hority above the "lonely mind of a n," that indeed mentions God only a passing profanity, and that can onalize evil into a necessary good, n unsteady stairway to greatness.

oth figuratively and literally, this -generation saga covers a lot of nd, roving from scholarly probings the fourth chapter of Genesis ence the Old Testament title) to a iled description of the mechanics h brothel; from a Civil War home- ing in Connecticut to California's peramental Salinas Valley and the er days of World War I. There ng Adam Trask had settled with bride Cathy (incidentally, the most nic little witch anywhere this side Hades) and derived much of the e wealth of living through his friend- with the ascetic Chinese cook Lee Irish-tongued Sam Hamilton.

he story, told by Samuel's grand- d, completes a cycle as it pursues the iny of the nine Hamiltons and m's twin heirs. In Adam's rela- ship with his boys—rejection of , unlimited approval of the other— re is the suggestion of a fanciful allel reflecting not only the earlier tude of his own father toward him his brother, but the like situation he Biblical Adam's first sons.

For all its length the novel moves willingly, at times with a lyric beauty, but also, unfortunately, just as readily breathing obscenities and the foul crudeness of the gutter.

LOIS SLADE.

GIANT

By Edna Ferber. *447 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.95*

Edna Ferber

Everything is bigger in Texas. The elements conspired to supply the natural superlatives: widest, longest, richest, poorest, hottest, dustiest; and inevitably the shrewd Americans added another set of adjectives: toughest (for cowhands); surest (for oil gushers); and most lavish (for private airplanes).

This "enormous and somewhat incredible commonwealth"—a world in itself—is the giant of Miss Ferber's present writing, a giant in every respect, it would seem, but in successfully evaluating the human equation. According to an old Texas saying, the cattle come first, then the men, then the horses, and last the women.

It is a fascinating but unflattering story that the author develops of this territory in love with its own vastness. There is the taint of exploitation in the spectacle of a fifty-room mansion dominating a huddle of crude workers' huts; feudalism in the thought of a faithful vaquero sleeping on the floor outside the señor's bedroom at night; gangsterism in the prospect of one man's whipping whole precincts of votes into line at will.

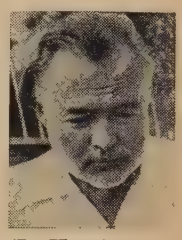
In Texas, where a rancher's wealth is measured in miles, even his neighbors admitted that Bick Benedict's 2½ million acreage represented a power above the ordinary. To Leslie Lynnton, who married Bick after a brief courtship in Virginia, the Reata was a fantastic revelation. Its casual immensity, the unbending discrimination against the Mexicans, the bland, realistic politics played there, her husband's consuming land lust were all foreign to the Lynnton idealism. She realized instinctively, if men like Bick did not, that bigness can be a curse, can become the tail that wags the dog once it leaps out of perspective, and she understood and supported her children's rebellion against their father's inbred mores.

Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers can exercise their prerogative without hesitation in ordering this eleventh novel of Edna Ferber's, where folksiness, primitiveness, snobbery, sophistication, and provincialism all mingle equally under the aegis of the Lone Star flag.

LOIS SLADE.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

By Ernest Hemingway. *140 pages.*
Chas. Scribner's. *$3.00*



E. Hemingway

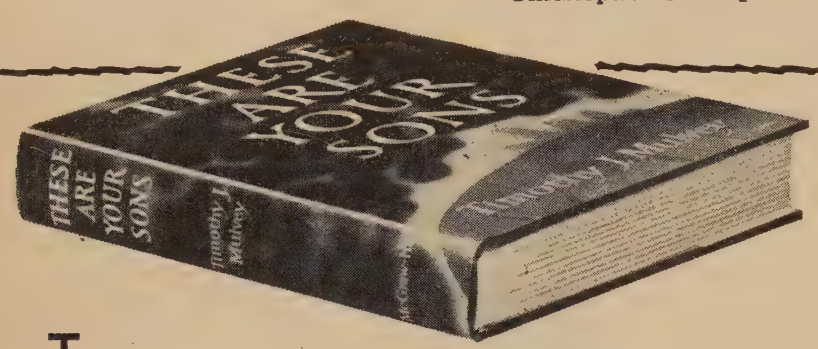
Let's say it right away and mince no words in the saying of it: If Ernest Hemingway is to have a secure place in literature it will be because of this swift, economical, and immensely moving tale of an aged fisherman's life-and-death struggle with a giant marlin, for in it the author has achieved the complete distillation of himself and, moreover, has done so with utter perfection in construction and with a breathtaking beauty of language that should amaze those long resigned to the spondaic accents of his chopped, staccato style.

This is a superlative statement, but please note that it does not mention artistry. How can one who sets the standards of eternal truth and the sublimation of them as the measure of the true artist place Hemingway—even the Hemingway of this stylistically brilliant work—upon such scales and find him anything but wanting? Hemingway is still Hemingway, a writer of prodigious talents, of keen perception, of great sensitivity, and of equal sincerity who lacks the inspiration, the vision to uncover anything in life beyond an animal struggle for existence.

His latest hero, a gnarled old man of the sea, wages a relentless battle with the great fish, finally pulls him from the waters and kills him, only to lose the meaningless struggle in the end to a school of sharks who, in turn, prey upon his prize, reducing it to nothingness. The courage of the marlin is no less than that of the fisherman; neither is there less dignity in the fish than in the man, nor less hope. Their separate defeats are inevitable, parallel, and far more horrible than anyone sub-

"A truly heartwrung testimony,
by a good and courageous observer,
of the strangely anonymous war in Korea . . .

I found it intensely moving. It is only in books like this you'll find what newspapers and radio won't utter."
—*Christopher Morley*



THE war in Korea—not in headlines—but in the deeply human terms of those engaged in it. This young priest takes the reader and shows him the life and death struggle of the men of all services and nations in Korea. He does it with the deepest insight, compassion, and spirituality. He conveys also the very real humor of men grown adept at seeking the solace of laughter in the face of death. It is a book in the tradition of Ernie Pyle, one which you can no more easily lay down or forget than a personal letter from the front lines.

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scribing to the author's negative beliefs could realize.

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CLARE POWERS.

THE OCEAN RIVER

By Henry Chapin & F. G. Walton Smith. *325 pages.*
Charles Scribner's Sons. *$3.50*

Here for the first time is charted the Ocean River (Gulf Stream) in relation to our present scientific knowledge of life within its waters and the forces that shape its course and drive its currents. Of particular interest is the study of the plankton, found in Chapter Nine, entitled "The Age of Fishes."

Also sketched from a historical point of view is the influence of the Ocean River on the great movements of European peoples in their conquest of the New World. They are represented by the histories of Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, and England—all countries with open access to the life-giving influence of the Ocean River.

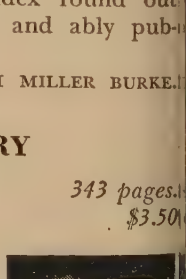
Finally, in the closing chapter, the authors present a kind of Atlantic community—based on brotherly co-operation and the will to survive—to study, explore, and conquer the Ocean River—which is to western man the new frontier of this century.

The Ocean River is a provocative work. It is scholarly written without the dullness that too frequently weighs down our more academic tomes. It is a technical, scientific study without being boring reading to the layman. The illustrations aid the reader to visualize the more solid prose passages; a bibliography and index round out this admirably written and ably published text.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

THE FAR COUNTRY

By Nevil Shute. *343 pages.*
William Morrow. *$3.50*


Nevil Shute

This is a pleasant love story about two "new Australians" — Jennifer Morton, an attractive, twenty-four-year-old refugee from the drab monotony of post-war London, and Carl Zlinter, a Czechoslovakian surgeon unable to practice medicine in his adopted country. These two are brought to-

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SHAKESPEARE and CATHOLICISM

by Heinrich Mutschmann & Karl Wentersdorf

is doesn't leave you wondering if Shakespeare lly was a Catholic, but puzzled that everye should have supposed for so long that he s not. The proof is partly from contemporary ords, partly from the plays themselves, and ays convincing. **$6.00**

PRIMITIVE MAN nd HIS WORLD PICTURE

by Wilhelm Koppers

ose poor old cave men ought to be grateful Dr. Koppers. They have been maligned for long, and being dead, couldn't defend themves. Now it seems they were, after all, better ologians than some of their descendants; y worshipped one God. And they weren't cessarily so painfully homely as we have been to believe either. **$3.50**

The FRUIT in the SEED

by Margaret Leigh

is very uncomfortable for a non-Catholic to ve a contemplative vocation. Margaret Leigh s in this situation for the greater part of her e: her surprise and delight when she found Church and then found Carmel makes very nching reading. **$2.00**

DADDY FELL into the POND

by Alfred Noyes

ymes for children on the lovely surprise red to in the title and on other pleasant subts. Illustrations by Fritz Kredel—the picture the head of this column is one of them. **$2.00**

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ere is more about these books in Sheed & rd's OWN TRUMPET — to get it free and stpaid, write to Teresa MacGill.

SHEED & WARD
New York 3

gether early in the novel, when a critical accident occurs at the lumber camp where the young medic is employed. From this point on, *The Far Country* describes the solving of a series of major problems—some normal, some dramatic—by these two interesting and intelligent people who strive valiantly and successfully to become a part of a new and a strange land.

Most of the action takes place in the beautiful Victorian Province countryside.

Apparently, Mr. Shute has great affection for his Australian neighbors and a profound faith in the future of Australia. His characters are all progressive, optimistic folk, looking to the future, to happiness, and to a comfortable life in this new land. They, in short, possess a zest for life, a characteristic completely lacking in the youth brought up amid the dull, monotonous nationalization program of postwar England. In this contrast perhaps lies the reason Mr. Shute himself left England for the freedom of Australia; however, he keeps a tight reign on his opinions, political and social, and never allows his remarks about taxes, coupons, and rations to canter away with his story proper.

The Far Country reads easily. The author possesses a sort of rocking chair style which when blended with colloquial speech and homely humor (Shute on modern painting) adds up to pleasant reading. Sensitive Englishmen undoubtedly will quarrel with this book; Australians unquestionably will hail its publication; Americans taking a sane middle ground will enjoy thoroughly a well-written, pleasant love tale.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE

MEN AT ARMS

By Evelyn Waugh. *342 pages.*
Little, Brown. *$3.50*

Evelyn Waugh

There is scant appeal to the emotions in this first book of a contemplated trilogy on "a long love affair . . . between a civilian and the army." Nor does the author explore any controversial avenues with argumentative warmth. In fact, readers-for-enjoyment may dismiss *Men At Arms* as a frankly stolid affair, trading on a stock of understatements, stiff-lipped, colloquial Britishers, and—let's face it—the name Evelyn Waugh.

In 1939 England was involuntarily embarked on a political war "in which courage and a just cause were quite irrelevant to the issue." It struck Guy Crouchback as being an exclusively

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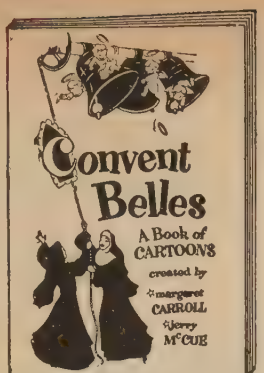

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young man's war, for at thirty-five he had had difficulty getting into it until a connection of his father's commended him to the Royal Corps of Halberdiers. A lonely, ineffective romantic, Crouchback had never been really *simpatico* during the last eight years of his retirement to Italy; but now, with the enemy clearly defined at last, he hoped to have a personal role in his country's pathos.

Because of their age, he and a fellow Halberdier—Apthorpe—immediately became "Uncles" to the rest of the barracks. Though at extreme odds in temperament, the two developed an agreeable friendship in the transition from pacifist to soldier. Their disparities—touched off by the bizarre, one-eyed Brigadier Ritchie-Hook—were particularly marked by the manner in which they adapted to the standard mold: Apthorpe with a singular absurdity and self-righteous air; Guy, conscious of his mediocrity but anxious to give the best of that.

The novel's oscillation between periods of depression, flurries of activity, wild rumors, and disciplinary tempests in teapots is typical of a fighting unit waiting the signal for action. But the prose hardly deserves an Oscar for excitement or message content.

LOIS SLADE.

FROM MAJOR JORDAN'S DIARIES

By George Racey Jordan. 284 pages. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50

G. R. Jordan

"Major Jordan, we know all about you, and why you are here. You might as well understand that officers who get too officious are likely to find themselves on an island somewhere in the South Seas." Major Jordan did not eventually find himself on such an island. But this shocking answer from a fussy, self-important young assistant at the State Department was the only response he got in endeavoring to draw attention to the scandalous abuse by the Soviet, with the connivance of their American supporters, of lend-lease channels for the shipping back and forth of non-lend-lease materials, military and industrial secrets, and even live Russian espionage agents during and just after the war. The material presented in this book is extracted from records kept by Major George Racey Jordan during the years he served as liaison officer with the Russians at Great Falls, Montana, center of the lend-lease air traffic to and from the Soviet Union.

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surfeited with revelations of how disastrously we were disserved and even betrayed by elements in our Government in their dealing with the Russians, will find little that is sensational in this book. Major Jordan seems to spend much of his time breaking down open doors. But, for the record, the book will be useful as a reminder that, blinded by a partisan spirit, some of our wartime leaders of the first magnitude were led into errors of judgment and of sentiment for which we shall go on paying the cost in the years ahead.

FENTON MORAN.

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS

By William O. Douglas. 352 pages. Doubleday. $5.00

W. O. Douglas

For the past several years, Mr. Justice Douglas has used his Supreme Court long vacations for exploratory trips in the land and among the peoples of Asia, south of the Soviet border. Recently he was in Korea. Last year is was Ladakh, beyond the Himalayas, a little-known land of Tibetan influence, with incursions into Afghanistan and Pakistan and India. Supreme Court vacations are happily longer than the ordinary reader's two weeks at Asbury Park or Nantucket; but they still do not offer a chance for intensive study of either strange lands or friendly people. As a matter of fact, the core of Justice Douglas' Himalayan trip, the trek through Ladakh, took less than a month, through lands sparsely populated by nomads.

Mr. Douglas has striven chattily to expand his few and, it would seem, isolated personal adventures; but in the main he has relied on long passages of library research and upon honestly documented passages from other writers in the field to bring his book to salable length. There are even eight pages of musical transcriptions of songs from the region, rather oddly presented in an age when television has supplanted the piano.

The book then is cursory and a disappointment to those who have thrilled to the accounts of Sven Hedin, or the charming Englishman, Peter Fleming, in his trek across Tartary, or, indeed, to the too-often Chautauquan story of Lowell Thomas.

It is doubtful, too, in this election year, whether Justice Douglas' panacea to hold the Soviet Union within her present Central Asian borders will find solid acceptance. It is to send "our youngsters and the youngsters of Asia

Fall Books from McKay

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Preface by Jacques Maritain

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to these outposts with a mission to change the standard of living of the people rather than their religion." Mr. Justice Douglas envisions a "grass-roots" Point Four program to seal off the border politically; an idea, it would seem, "more noble in concept" than presently practical in application.

DORAN HURLEY.

FROM CONFUCIUS TO CHRIST

By Paul K. T. Sih. *231 pages.*
Sheed & Ward. *$3.00*

Paul Sih

Here is a convert's humble and courageous story, the tale of a modern wise man from the East who followed the star until it led him to Rome. To Dr. Sih, Confucius was like the Baptist, pointing the way, then becoming misty and finally lost in the great realization of the goal. "Only the doctrine of Christ can fulfill the doctrine of Confucius." And it was another wise man from the East who lured the author upon the road: the eminent Dr. John Wu, brave Catholic and sometime Minister to the Vatican. "My falling in love with Christ took place at the time of my appointment as Deputy Delegate to the Chinese Delegation to the United Nations Investigation Commission on Greece in January, 1947, and it is more to the matchmaker, Dr. John C. H. Wu, than to anyone else that I owe the attainment of my holy marriage."

It all started with Dr. Wu's Chinese translation of the Psalms. The author tells how profoundly he was moved by

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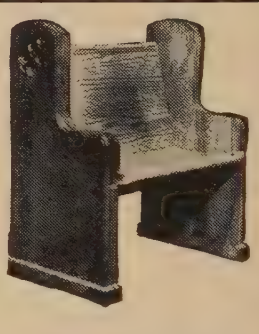

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this work, how it led him to seek out the translator in Rome, how he warmed to the Catholic way by associating with the devout members of Dr. Wu's family. In their midst, he began to feel the quiet insistence of the truths they lived by and found a contentment he had long but vainly sought.

Dr. Sih's conversion is but another fruit reaped from China's years of suffering. As Bishop Fulton J. Sheen says in the preface, "One Communist officer recently put it: 'It may be that all we are doing in China is preparing the way for the Catholic Church.' Communism is the manure of civilization, the death which is spread upon the fields in the winter of discontent as a harbinger for the fruits and herbs of a rich and beautiful springtime."

JOHN L. MADDEN.

ISLAND PRIEST

By Henri Queffelec. *248 pages.*
E. P. Dutton. *$3.00*

H. Queffelec

In all fairness to Henri Queffelec, it must be said that he excels as a word painter. He takes the sun, the wind, and the waves, and relieves the monotony of a rugged island off the coast of northern France where he places the locale of a strange story about the Breton folk.

But this superb imagery is unfortunately made the medium for a fantastic conception of Catholicism, especially the priesthood, reducing it to a kind of humanitarian role in the Creator's plan. Working on the premise that the end justifies the means, he tells the story of the uncultured, superstitious Islanders, presumably during the fifteenth century, or at some time when France had a king. Feared by the people on the mainland, the Bishop is hard put to get a priest to stay with them. When the last priest, sent there as a penance by the Bishop, leaves, his pious and upright sacristan, young Thomas Gourvennec, tries to hold the parish together.

Urged on by the Islanders' fervor to have a priest, Thomas ministers to their needs—he baptizes and marries them, hears their confessions, and offers Mass on Sunday. Outraged when he learns what is happening, the Bishop sends a priest to straighten things out. But the price of peace with the obstreperous Islanders comes high—Church burial for a suicide and the ordination of their beloved Thomas, who had at one time spent four years in a seminary and failed. The Islanders win!

The jacket blurb calls all of this "sheer naked drama . . . one of the basic stories of the world . . . from an

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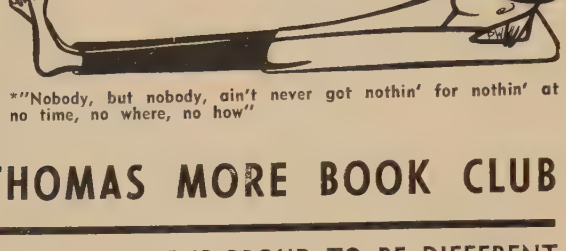

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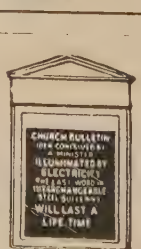

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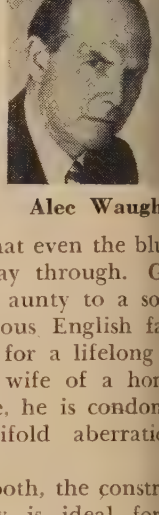
almost physical mechanical compulsion he (Thomas) grew into a deeper realization of the meaning of being a priest. Blurbiana strikes a new low!

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT

GUY RENTON

Alec Waugh. 378 pages
Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.5



Alec Waugh

Except that he has three children to support (so says the back cover), it is hard to fathom why Alec Waugh ever published his latest novel *Guy Renton*. The misleading remarks about the plot which appear on the dust jacket show that even the blurb writer stopped half-way through. Guy is a sort of masculine aunty to a sorry example of a prosperous English family. Rich, and except for a lifelong affair with the Yankee wife of a homosexual, of good repute, he is condoner-in-chief of the manifold aberrations among his relatives.

Waugh's style is smooth, the construction sound; the story is ideal for woman's monthly magazine and made to order for the columns which lie between pie recipes and blouse patterns. Mr. Waugh has an observing eye in home decorations and a warm heart toward organized sports. Archeologists aeons hence will appreciate his descriptions of twentieth-century London living, and the B.B.C. couldn't report activities on the playing fields of England with more contained rapture.

The book is all about gigolos, Mayfairites, girls about town, and embezzlers—their misconduct interpreted in the twilit code that nothing is really immoral unless you get caught. Renee, Guy's long-term light of love, is as scheming a calculator as he is negative. Every five years or so during their protracted liaison, Guy wonders aloud about just what she sees in him to adore. The reader shares his puzzlement, and that goes for Renee, double.

Here is a shallow and humorless novel; in it a wealth of polished writing gone to waste.

CLORINDA CLARKE

ONE OF THE FIFTEEN MILLION

By Nicholas Prychodko. 236 pages
Little, Brown & Co. $3.0

This is a factual account of one man's escape from behind the Iron Curtain. It is the story of one of the fifteen million victims estimated to have been held in slave-labor camps in Russia in 1938 and 1940. Today the figure is believed much higher.

Nicholas Prychodko did not know why

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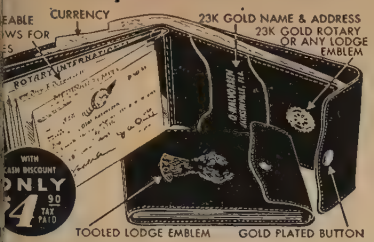

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he was singled out for arrest by the NKVD in the dead of night, torn from the family he was never to see again, carried off to twenty-one months of incredible suffering in the secret torture chambers of a Kiev jail, finally sent to Siberia in a sealed train along with thousands of other victims. His subsequent escapes he unhesitatingly attributes to the incessant prayers of his mother.

Today Mr. Prychodko is employed by an engineering concern in Canada, whence he was brought by the Canadian Ukrainian Committee in 1948.

Recently there have been a number of books written by escaped victims of the Red regime. The pattern of horror is the same in each. There is another likeness, too. Common to all is the almost frenzied plea to us still enjoying our freedom to awaken to the everlengthening shadow of Communism which now darkens most of the earth's surface.

In a vigorous foreword, the President of Acadia University writes: "This is a terrible book, but it is the truth that is terrible. Russian slave-camps for Canadians in Canada, manned by Russian police, are the objective of Stalin and his power-hungry agents among us. Every horror described in this book will be duplicated on Canadian soil if Communist plans prevail."

ANNE CYR.

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By Herbert Agar. *237 pages.*
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Americans are often reproached with living in a single dimension of time, the present; and with being impenetrably allergic to history. So it is refreshing to discover in Mr. Agar a writer who has been a journalist and is still active in public life, but who can range with ease from Nineveh to Seoul, from Euripides to Sartre.

The faith which he avows is in the "Great Heritage" of Western civilization. The articles of that faith are defined as freedom of conscience, natural law, natural piety, and an absolute sanction. The last three, he says, were commonplaces in the Greek and Roman worlds. The first—described as "the area in which government may not rule"—was added by the Founder of Christianity, who proclaimed that "things to God" must not be rendered to Caesar.

Will the West survive? That is the awful question, the author holds, with which we are today confronted. "The answer," he believes, "must be sought not in physical science, not in politics, but in the soul of man."

Mr. Agar himself writes as a fervent and humble Christian—not as a Catholic, to be sure, but as a broadminded

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Protestant. The index has five references to St. Thomas Aquinas and four each to Pope Gregory the Great and the monk Hildebrand who became Pope Gregory VII. Gregory the Great is lauded as "the savior of the West" and Gregory VII as having "come close to building that commonwealth of the spirit which Gregory the Great had foreshadowed."

On the opposite side, Mr. Agar does not neglect the Western millions who have rejected Christianity. For example, he joins other Christians in regarding natural law as springing from universal conscience and reflecting the Will of God. But he conciliates the secularists by agreeing that natural law may be regarded as equivalent to English common law, a human product.

The befuddled "Liberal" is rather shockingly betrayed in a paragraph on page 195. Mr. Agar is contending that the ideals of the Declaration of Independence have been transformed into "totalitarian commands." We have moved, he says, from Thomas Jefferson to the Committee on Un-American Activities, from the law of conscience to the law of Senator McCarthy. In a foot note he adds: "The Senator, to be sure, does not kill those who resist his brand of 'Americanism,' He prefers to defame them gradually, and safely."

Such passages are rare, but they are grossly at odds with the principles of tolerance and truth advanced in a book notable for enlightenment and virtue.

RICHARD L. STOKES

Advance Warning

▶ Our four-year-old son is at the stage where he has no interest in food. While his maternal grandmother was visiting us recently, my wife commented at the luncheon table about the boy's lack of appetite and, in the course of conversation, remarked:

"I'm going to make a Perpetual Help Novena for him."

The youngster, conscious that he was the subject of the discussion, chimed in defiantly:

"You can make it for me, but I won't eat it!"

—*T. James Mack*

HE WOODEN STATUE

By Dorothy Mackinder. *236 pages.*
McMullen. *$2.95*

fe is peaceful at the French convent of inte Marie des Anges in Western Eng- nd until the arrival of a well-carved oden statue, reputedly of St. Hugo stellat. At the same time, the con- nt's regular physician is temporarily placed by Doctor Gabriel, a brusque, ssionate man who has been finding lace in liquor and women since the ath of his wife years ago. His visit is e first discordant note; then, grad- lly but perceptibly, tension mounts nong the lay guests and nuns. Usually, can be laid at the foot of St. Hugo's atue.

It is he, claims Sally, the half-wit serv- t, who insists on certain flowers being aced before him and who suggested at she steal a favorite jewel of the ealthy divorcee, Mrs. Gloria Paston. nd, as "St. Hugo" sets the elderly la- es quarreling, Doctor Gabriel finds mself deeply in love with the con- nt's Superior. Reverend Mother Lasa- e is a woman of great self-possession, ho refuses to believe that the statue ight be the cause of any disturbance. e hopes that the forthcoming visit of e Bishop will help her untangle some the knots, but this is not until after octor Gabriel disturbs her calm with a stalgic revival of the past.

In this imaginative portrayal of dif- rent kinds of love, the love of the nsecrated virgin is convincingly shown be the most beautiful. But, the char- ter contrast of lay people and religious too black and white to be entirely alistic.

PAULA BOWES.

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TRUTH. By St. Thomas Aquinas. 472 pages. Regnery. $7.00. In his treatise *De Veritate*, St. Thomas developed most of the principles of theological science which were to flower, ten years later, in his monumental *Summa Theologica*. Here in translation is the first of the three parts of *De Veritate*. The translation has been made from the critical Latin Leonine text by Robert W. Mulligan, S.J. It is a volume in the Library of Living Catholic Thought series, being prepared by the Jesuit Fathers of West Baden College. While being a book for philosophers and theologians, clerical and lay, it is a book which no philosopher or theologian would care to do without.

WOMAN TODAY. By John Fitzsimons. 192 pages. Sheed & Ward. $2.50. A woman today may be a call girl providing entertainment to the café group at lush rates. Or she may be a plebian saint raising a family or going to business. But no matter where she belongs between these extremes, she is hounded and hampered by a civilization which does not fit her, a civilization which has diagnosed her wrongly and written a bad prescription for what ails her. Father Fitzsimons traces this catastrophe to maladjustments which machine industry has brought into family life and to an unwisely idealistic feminist crusade. He also investigates the strong and weak points of femininity, and the real sense in which woman is equal to man. The author cannot transform the contemporary world into a suitable environment for the female sex. But he does indicate what the sex is suffering from and—to that extent—contributes to the cure of it.

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New York's Finest

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read the article entitled, "They'r Still the Finest," and believe it to be a excellent portrayal of the activities and ac complishments of members of the New Yor Police Department. Your writer, Mr. Milto Lomask, is to be complimented for a ver splendid job of constructive and interestin reporting.

Believe me to be deeply appreciative.

GEORGE P. MONAGHA
Police Commissione

New York, N. Y.

Reluctant Candidates

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Current Fact and Comment" in you September issue, anent the modesty o Governor Stevenson and General Eisen hower, was pure propaganda for the candi dates you favored.

Why should they campaign for the nomi ination when each one knew he had beer handpicked by the Party bosses? They had to win in their respective conventions.

For my part, Taft is the one who "bid for it in a spirit of consecrated public serv ice." He tried hard and failed. Our coun try is the loser.

BESSIE THOMETZ

Chicago, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: The editorial meant only what it said: The presidency is a big job much bigger than the talent of any candi date. The most wholesome and realistic at titude a man can take toward it is to be afraid of it and reluctant to assume its re sponsibilities.

The N.E.A.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Quoting from "The Strange Case of N.E.A. Democracy," in your "Current Fact and Comment," September issue, this para graph puzzles me: "The National Educa tion Association has advocated a double tax on citizens attending parochial schools. Wants them charged both for the parochial facilities which they use and the public facilities which they do not use."

I am a teacher in the public schools and a member of N.E.A. Until recently, I have not made any real effort to study the policies of the association although I have read the *Journal* rather faithfully. I have been an active member of our local branch of the P.S.E.A. (the State Assn.) and am the President-elect for the coming year.

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I give this explanation because I want to ask you what you mean *exactly* by the paragraph quoted above. When did the N.E.A. advocate a double tax, et cetera?

Public schools are tax-supported institutions, receiving support from taxes at the local level, supplemented by state support according to a formula set up by the State Legislature (in Pennsylvania). This taxation at the local level falls entirely on the property owner. The Catholic parent who chooses to send his children to a parochial school or the existing Catholic high school pays for that school support through a system of parish contributions. These contributions are expected of all Catholics whether the family has children in the Catholic schools or not. It is a form of double taxation, to be sure. But is it "advocated by the N.E.A." or is it the result of the desire of faithful Catholics who wish to continue a system of Catholic education?

I am asking for information, not making any argument. I am in no wise in agreement with Dr. Conant or Mrs. Meyer that parochial schools are or are likely to become "a divisive force" and harmful to the American way of life. That argument can be countered by wise people everywhere who can see the very real danger to our democracy in a "monocratic" system: a quote from the recent I.F.C.A. convention resolution.

MARY M. BERGAN

Lancaster, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In national convention, the N.E.A. has passed the following resolution: The Association respects the rights of groups, including religious denominations, to maintain their own schools. . . . The Association . . . opposes all efforts to devote public funds to either the direct or the indirect support of these schools.

This means that the N.E.A. wants parents who send their children to parochial schools to pay a double price for education: 1) the taxes which they must pay to maintain public facilities and 2) the contribution they must make to maintain parochial facilities.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your editorial on the National Education Association, there are a few discrepancies that I would like to call to your attention. Those who send their children to parochial schools do pay a double tax. They pay to send their children to the school and also pay to send other children to public schools. Public school budgets are not kept at a minimum, and no thought of the taxpayers' dollars is considered by the N.E.A. members who steer the school boards in preparing the budget.

I served three years on a school board, and know whereof I speak. Herewith is the make-up of an actual tax bill in our township where the cost of education per pupil amounts to $400.00 annually.

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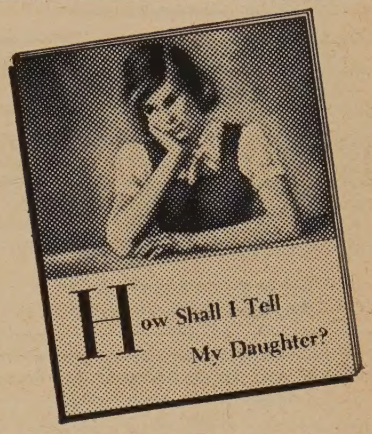

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EDWARD J. WHITE
Newark, N. J.

E. Boyd Barrett

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You have done a kind deed in presenti in your July issue the article by E. Bo Barrett, "Is Kindness a Good Investment and I look forward to seeing more of enlightening messages in your wor magazine.

(MISS) L. LILLIAN MURPHY
Bronx 62, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your article in the July issue, "Is Kin ness a Good Investment?" by E. Boyd B rett, is one of the finest lessons on Christi charity that I have ever read.

(MRS.) KATHLEEN FUREY
Levittown, L. I., N. Y.

Christmas Cards

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

My box of cards arrived today and I wa to tell you how delighted I am with the The "Old Masters" is the loveliest selecti I've ever seen. The delicate and artis tracery in the borders, the gold leaf, a the gorgeous colorings, together with t type of messages and lettering, make t assortment outstanding. Thank you such an exquisite selection of religio cards.

MARY R. PERONTO
Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For information about T SIGN Christmas cards, see inside of ba cover.

Public Relations

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a professor of public relations w is not supposed to know what the subje means, I rise to do battle with Hel Walker Homan's article in the Septemb issue. To shoot at all her inconsistenc is impossible, unless you invite me to wri an article profiling the true face of P. But my main attack is upon her premis and the very cynical conclusions they le to.

She alleges: public relations dep upon lies, half-truth. She contradicts gles are both important and superfic She laughs at the suggestion that pub

tions counsels and advises top man-
ment on company policies when she has
nothing apparently but publicity ex-
ience. She claims that it is impossible
build an understanding of the subject
ause its name means so many things.
she presumes to understand it so well
t she can see nothing but what she
ıtly labels "its false face."

What she ignores, overlooks, or does not
lerstand, is the hope that public rela-
ns can bring to business, at a time when
needs it badly, a conscience.

Public relations in business today is be-
ning to make felt its influence at top
nagement level. Organizational charts of
ny companies place P.R. in a staff posi-
n either to the president of the company
the chairman of the board. True, public
ations has to sell its suggestions. But
suasion is always necessary when you
to change the habits of others, and
R. is moving into the area where it can
ange the thinking habits and policies of
siness.

Public relations suggestions include such
ral measures as profit sharing, pensions,
l the economic co-operation so urgently
vised by the Holy Fathers. With this in
nd we can disregard La Homan's pessi-
stic feelings and conclude thus: Through
R., business may be on the way to dis-
ering the conscience it has needed.

STANLEY H. MULLIN
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR

e College,
w York, N. Y.

Religious Art

TORS OF THE SIGN:

Your comment on the Holy See's instruc-
ns regarding Sacred Art interested me. I
roughly agree that much of what is
led art "is an affront to religion and
." "Catholics should refuse to purchase
s junk," is my sentiment too.

Possibly we shall never rid ourselves of
s "junk" until the Bishops of the coun-
plan a campaign against it. They have
strength. And part of that plan would
essarily be to refuse advertising space
our Catholic magazines to anyone who
nts to prey on the devotion and piety of
tholic people.

JOHN LYNCH

ıth Bend, Indiana

Hume and Weddings

TORS OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Paul Hume, in his timely article,
eard Any Good Weddings Lately?"
tes that the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria"
lisapproved—a statement I am sure many
e never heard before. Since reading
I have been wondering if Rosewig's
ve Maria" is also disapproved.

However, even if disapproved, wouldn't
y be better than some others? Even
he Rosary" is heard at Catholic wed-
ıgs. (This doesn't mean that I am in
or of them.) I know that an approved
mber is as easily sung and can be as
ely to the listener as a disapproved one;
l surely the bride, as well as the singer,
ould feel some satisfaction in knowing
it *is* approved.

oroughly enjoyed Mr. Hume's article;
ıgree with him and appreciate his men-

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Passionist Monastery
1901 West Street
Union City, New Jersey

All others should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Ill.

tion of material suitable for the soloist Catholic weddings; I wish he had list more and had given the name of the pu lisher of Andre Caplet's "Ave Maria" a "Our Father."

FRANCES D. PRENA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Perhaps it is a trifle late, but in referen to Paul Hume's "Music in the Hair," Ju 1952, the headline states, "For the fi time, Hume tells the story of the Truma letter." It would be nice, after reading t article, to find out if the President d write it! The article has the same tinge *The Robe*. Have you noticed that neith tells us anything about what our interest in the final analysis, built up to, name the "letter" and the "Robe"!

L. J. BUBRICK

Washington, D. C.

Woman to Woman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Katherine Burton, in the September issu has struck a very necessary note. Our Po and our Bishops ask for lay co-operatio Many of our parishes have neither Mot er's Clubs nor local groups so that th may co-operate with the Sisters in matte relating to our schools.

It is a matter of duty to the thousands our Catholic children that they receive t benefit of lay co-operation.

HELEN T. ECKHOFF

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

U. S. Soldier in Germany

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a short note to correct the mistak ideas held by THE SIGN and Ludwig Gr (August "Letters to the Editor") concer ing occupation costs here in Germany.

Prior to June 30 of this year, "one" se ant was allowed to a family, paid for the German Government. The rent w paid by the soldier by the severance of rental allowance, amounting in many ca to over $100 a month for substandard qu ters.

In addition, the Occupation Forces po over two billion Deutsche Marks a year i the German economy, a fact recognized the Germans here and appreciated as real shot in the arm for their postw economy.

MAJOR R. F. GIBNEY
66th Tank Bn. APO

New York, N. Y.

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EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

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